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DRAWN BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

The Hand of Russia in the East—By U. S. Senator Beveridge

The Business Side of the Big Unions—By I. K. Friedman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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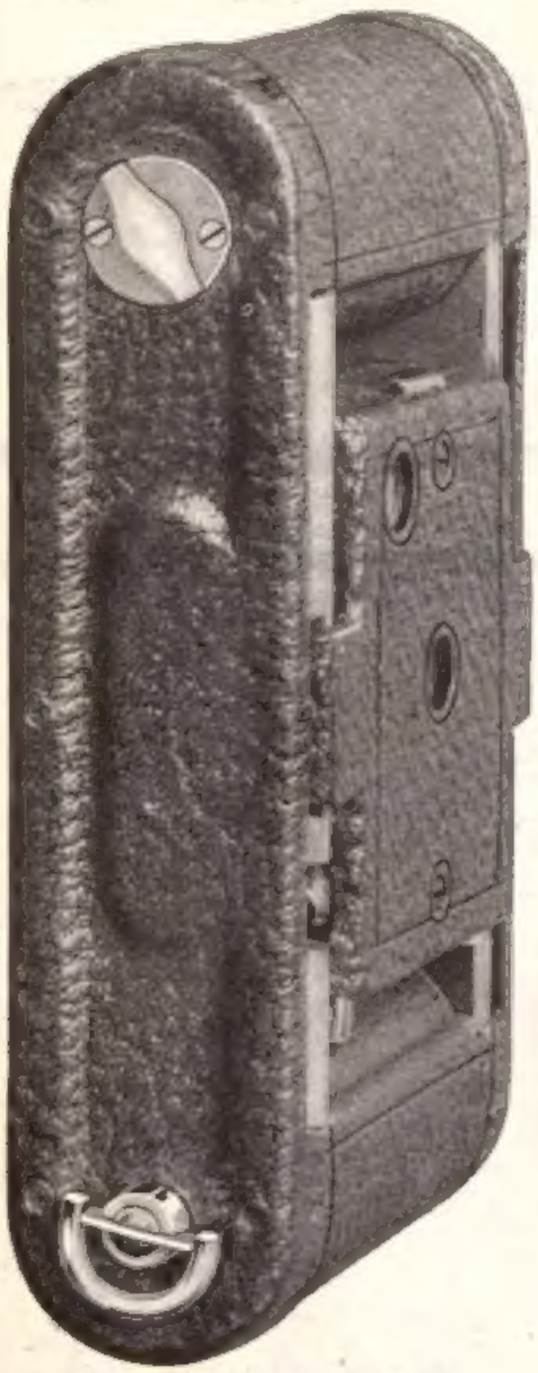

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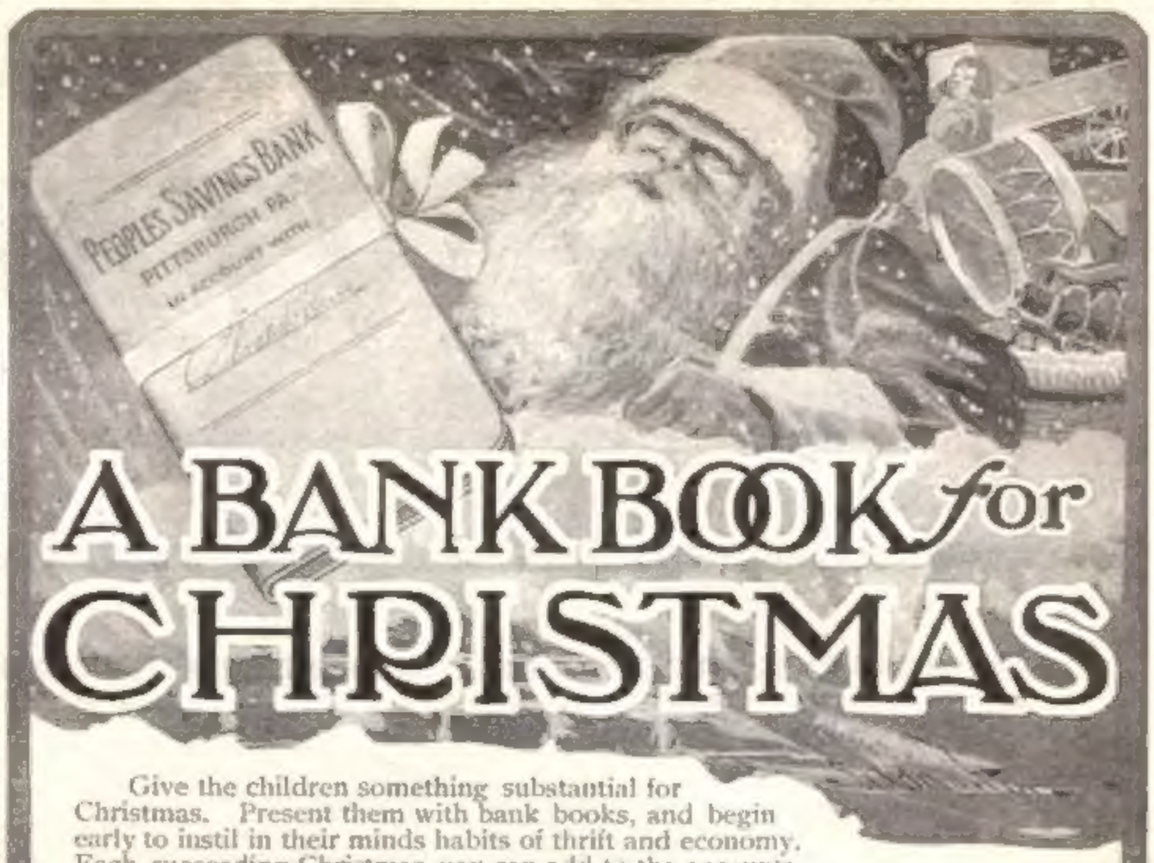

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The Hand of Russia in the East—By Albert J. Beveridge

THE conflict between Russia and Japan has been probable since the close of the Chino-Japanese War. It will be remembered that the cause of hostilities between China and Japan was Korea, and that the end of it was the destruction of the suzerainty of the Chinese Emperor over the Hermit Kingdom. Another result was the establishment of reforms in Korea which Japan demanded. But far the most important result of all, from an historical point of view, was the cession by China to Japan of Port Arthur, Talienhwan, the adjacent islands and a large strip of territory running into Manchuria.

This last indemnity which Japan exacted from her defeated foe would have been the foundation for Japanese expansion throughout Manchuria and the final absorption of Korea by the Island Empire. Had Japan been permitted to retain this —the real and only substantial fruit of her victory—she would immediately have become a first-class power. But more important even than this, her sovereignty would have extended ultimately over all Manchuria, and the sparsely settled portions of this immense dominion would have given the Mikado's Empire territory where her surplus population could have planted a new Japan on the Asiatic mainland. And when it is remembered that Japan's area is so limited and her population is increasing so rapidly that it has become a physical necessity to find room for it, the far-reaching importance of this consideration becomes apparent. It is true that the portion of Manchuria ceded to Japan by China is already thickly peopled; but the provinces further north are not, and these would have soon fallen to the aggressive little England of the Orient.

Therefore the cession of the southern part of Manchuria to Japan was hailed with enthusiastic delight by the Mikado's subjects. Merchants, farmers, laborers felt that here was a victory that affected them directly. Even coolies had a personal interest in this triumph of Japanese arms and statesmanship.

The Bitter Resentment of the Japanese

THE world is familiar with the story of the ejection of Japan from this new-won territory by the Triple Alliance. Briefly summarized, it is as follows: Russia, Germany and France in a formal note represented to the Mikado that the permanent occupation by Japan of territory on the Asiatic mainland was a standing menace to the peace of Asia and of the world. These Powers therefore requested Japan to give up the territory she had won from China. In form, the request was merely a polite argument showing the Mikado the wisdom of such a course. In reality, it was a demand, back of which were ships and soldiers and war.

Knowing this, the Japanese Emperor withdrew from Manchuria. So pressing was the demand from the Triple Alliance that the imperial rescript giving southern Manchuria back to China was issued two days after the ratification of the treaty between Japan and China by which this very territory was ceded to the Mikado by the Pekin Emperor.

The Japanese people were angered to the point of fury. These words are strong, but the facts justify them. It is probable that the Japanese masses have never been wrought to such a frenzy in their whole history as they were by this wresting from them of the reward of their victory over China. The hatred of the French people for the Germans when Alsace and Lorraine were taken from France was not greater than the bitter indignation of the Japanese when southern Manchuria was taken from them.

For this, Japanese statesmen and the Japanese people blamed Russia. Thus began the antagonism of the two Powers now face to face in the Far East. This hostility was increased when Russia "leased" Port Arthur and Talienhwan from China, together with the strip of territory surrounding them; for these were the strategic points in the whole territory which Japan had won from China and from which she had been driven by the Triple Alliance at whose head was Russia.

Even before Russia leased Port Arthur and Talienhwan, the concession which she secured from China to extend her Siberian railway across Manchuria added to the excitement of the Japanese.

This entire story was set out at length and in detail in an article published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the writer's return from Manchuria in the autumn of 1901; but this brief summary is necessary that the reader may have immediately at hand the situation which is the basis of the present trouble in the Far East.

That Russia does not intend to withdraw from Manchuria permanently, at least, seems now to be conceded. That the history of Russian advance and the geographical location of Korea make it probable that the Czar will ultimately extend his influence and indeed, in the end, his tangible power over Korea, is plain to all students of geography and events. That Japan intends to be the dominant power in Korea and finally to occupy it physically is shown by the whole course of Japanese statesmanship for the last decade, and is demonstrated by the planting of Japanese colonies at various places on Korean soil. That Japan considers Russian predominance in Korea as a permanent and ever-increasing menace to her very existence is known to all who are familiar with the opinions of Japanese statesmen and the thought of the Japanese people. And that should Russia remain permanently in Manchuria and extend her dominion over Korea, Japan will be reduced to an inferior position and forever deprived of her ambition to be one of the first Powers of the world is a fact not questioned by any student of the Far Eastern situation.

Thus it appears that war between Japan and Russia is only a question of time. And yet the present complications do not appear to the writer to mean immediate conflict. They are more instructive, however, of the methods of Russian diplomacy in the Far East than any circumstance that has occurred since Russia formed the Triple Alliance and drove Japan from the Asiatic mainland.

October eighth had been fixed as the day on which Russia was to "evacuate" Manchuria. By evacuation was not meant, of course, that she should retire from Port Arthur or Talienhwan or from any of the territory which she had leased, or that she should withdraw her sixty thousand railway guards from Manchuria itself; but it was meant that her military occupation of Manchuria should end, and that no further steps should be taken looking to her permanent retention of this great dominion which constitutes the northern portion of the Chinese Empire.

October eighth came and went, but Russia did not evacuate. Various excuses were given at first. The world was informed that the roads in Manchuria were bad—almost impassable; and undoubtedly this was true. It is said, too, that there had been a recurrence of those depredations by the Manchurian banditti which Russia had been vigorously suppressing since 1900, and that the disturbed condition in Manchuria required Muscovite power to remain there a little longer.

This, too, may be, and very probably is, correct.

But as the days passed and Russia did not leave, Japan became clamorous. Thereupon the world suddenly awoke to the fact that Russia had been quietly gathering the greater and more effective forces of her navy into the disturbed waters. The world at last found out that the Czar had accumulated on the very field of the possible conflict a military force equal in number to the regular army of Japan itself. All these things constitute another illustration of the sagacity with which Russia reasons out coming events and silently prepares for them.

Russia Tightens Her Grip

JAPAN'S attitude became menacing; the point had been reached where smooth speech was no longer the weapon for Russian diplomacy to employ. The threatening attitude of Japan was met by Russian action and speech still more hostile. We are reliably informed that bodies of Russian soldiery appeared on the Yalu River itself. This river is the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. The movements of the Russian fleet were significantly warlike. The language of Admiral Alexieff was frank and determined. Reliable correspondents quoted him as bluntly saying that Russia proposed to remain in the debated territory. This was particularly full of meaning because Admiral Alexieff is the highest representative of the Czar in the Far East, a man of immense ability, of emphatic decision of character and yet of great caution in speech and circumspection in action.

In short, Japan's insistence that Russia should leave Manchuria was met with counter preparations on sea and on land. And Japan is not prepared for war. Neither is Russia, perhaps, but she acted as though she were; and her soldiers on the ground, her ships immediately at hand, her munitions of war provided, gave credit to the general belief that she was at last ready for the fight.

Thus we see what a superb stage setting it was with which the far-seeing Muscovite surrounded the council chamber where the conference is now taking place. Into that council the Russian representative walked in civilian garb and charming manners, but with sword ostentatiously projecting from beneath his coat and pockets bulging with pistols concealed only to be more effectively displayed. The Slav "spoke softly but carried a big stick," to quote from a speech of President Roosevelt on another subject.

But the militant surroundings of the present scene of the Russo-Japanese conference are not all Russian. Japan proved herself as skillful a scene-shifter as her antagonist. The entire Japanese fleet was assembled. Large contracts for coal were made; immense quantities of wheat were purchased. At the critical stage Vice-Admiral Togo, the fighting man of the Mikado's sea power, was placed in command of the fleet. So that if Russia's representative appeared peaceful but armed, Japanese diplomats were backed by soldiers behind every curtain.

As Americans would say in their vernacular, "bluff was met with bluff." But the serious aspect was that on both sides were the probabilities of something more than bluff. Should the negotiations fail, it looks very much as though both sides mean war.

What, then, is the probable outcome of this momentous diplomatic debate now proceeding at Tokio?

If in this conference, after long debate and strenuous resistance on the part of Russian diplomats, the Czar should apparently give Japan a free hand in Korea, it would appear to the world as a great concession to Japan, would it not? And if Japan, as a counter concession, should give Russia a free hand in Manchuria, it would appear to the world as only a reasonable yielding to the apparent yielding of Russia, would it not? Japanese statesmen could say to their people: "We have saved Korea. And since Russia had Manchuria anyhow, our consent to let Russia alone in these Chinese provinces as the purchase price for her letting us alone in Korea would be giving Russia merely something she already had in exchange for her giving Japan something which Japan did not have but desired, and which it appeared that Russia intended and was prepared to take away from Japan."

And just this is likely to be the result of the diplomatic game now being played at Tokio.

The Thunderous Artillery of the British Heavies

IF THIS be the conclusion of the conference, both sides will have achieved real victories. Russia will have secured the consent of Japan to keep hands off Manchuria—and Japan is the only Power that can embarrass her in this region of her present advance. Indeed, Japan appears to be the only Power disposed to dispute Russia's physical and permanent occupation of Manchuria. It is true that England opposes it on paper—or, rather, in the newspapers. If English artillery thundered as loudly as do the English press and reviews, Russia would be on the northern side of the Amur to-day. But the trouble is, England seems to content herself with a bombardment of words. And the Russians care no more for brilliant articles in the English reviews and heated editorials in the English newspapers than they do for the apparent protests against Russia which the Chinese Government makes to other nations.

On the other hand, if Japan succeeds in preserving Korea from the Czar she will have secured the real ground of immediate debate. More than that, she will have defeated, temporarily at least, Russia's dearest present aspirations. For it is the growing belief of students of recent Far Eastern events that Russia is now as anxious for Korea as she was for Manchuria when she secured Port Arthur and Talienhwan. The reasons for this are: firstly, that Korea has two or three harbors much superior to her Manchurian harbors; and, secondly, that Korea under Japan's influence will be a perpetual danger point to the Russian advance in the Far East. For Russian railways, Russian ports and Russian activities circle Korea from Vladivostok on the north, through Manchuria in the rear, to Port Arthur on the south.

The second most probable result of the present negotiations is an agreement that the status quo shall be maintained. This, of course, is practically no solution of the difficulty at all. Indeed, should the first result above described be the outcome of the conference, it would not constitute a permanent settlement. So that these first two most probable results of the council now dragging its weary length along at Tokio means only temporary peace—only the postponement to a future day of the inevitable clash.

Lastly, it is faintly possible that Japan and Russia will reach an understanding—a secret one, perhaps—that the two of them together are to control future events in China. The writer desires to emphasize that, though this momentous conclusion is not at all probable, it is possible; and if it is accomplished it will mean the end of British influence in the Far East, will powerfully affect American interests, in a large way, in the Orient, and, in short, will be a conclusion of historic and world significance. It is a conclusion to which the writer's mind has time and again been drawn by the overwhelming power of Russia, on the one hand; by the strategic position of Japan, on the other hand; by the determined attitude of these two Powers; and by the fact that irreconcilable differences of two forces ready to fight for what they think are their rights and their destiny sometimes result in an understanding. Should this remote possibility occur, the interests of Germany, England and America will instantly become one. This circumstance is a good illustration of the fact that we Americans should go slow in forming our policy with reference to the Orient. Beyond doubt our present policy of "drift" is the only wisdom for us at the present moment. Indeed, it is the only possible course for us at this time.

Finally, though it appears at present that the Russo-Japanese negotiators may settle their present difficulties across the council table and secure peace for the time being, this result is by no means certain.

The indignation of the Japanese masses may be too strong for the wisdom of Japanese statesmen; and history shows that such an outcome is not impossible. For example, it is probable that Louis Napoleon would have been dethroned by the French themselves if he had not gone to war with Germany. It may be that Japanese statesmen find themselves in just that predicament. If they do, they will save themselves by plunging the Japanese people into the war for which the latter clamor, in order that these same statesmen may save their official lives, and, as the Chinese say, "save their faces" before the world. But with Ito again at the helm it does not appear to the thoughtful student conversant with Far Eastern politics that the popular Japanese demand for war will be sufficiently powerful to influence the wisdom of her public men, who know that she is not any better prepared for the conflict than Russia herself is.

But if the best efforts of Japan's great men, like Marquis Ito, and Russia's wisest counselors, like Witte, fail and war is declared, it is believed that China will be found on the side of Japan. A decided change appears to have taken place in the Chinese attitude toward Russia and Japan since the death of Li Hung Chang. There is no doubt at all that for the last five or six years Japan has been strengthening herself at Pekin. No one need be surprised, should war eventuate, to find large bodies of Chinese troops hurled at the Russians in Manchuria; nor need any one be surprised if it develops that they are commanded by Japanese officers. It is again repeated that this means a radical change in the Chinese attitude, because, of recent years and in spite of Chinese protests to the world, Russian supremacy at the court of the Manchu Emperor was clear to all observers and demonstrated by succeeding events. But the same painstaking attention to the Far Eastern situation which developed the fact of former Russian supremacy at Pekin cannot be blind to certain recent indications that Japan is making headway in supplanting Russia as the most influential Power in the great Asiatic Empire.

Russia's Indifference to Criticism

WE HAVE noted Russia's indifference to English newspaper opposition to her Far Eastern advance. Even the most violent of England's anti-Russian statesmen now believe that they have made a mistake in the policy of verbal badger of Russia which England has pursued for so long a time. It is now their belief that they should have said nothing or else backed their feeling of antagonism to Russia's Far Eastern operations with something more than words. For mere scolding through the English press or in the speeches of English public men have necessarily had the effect of irritating Russia and increasing the deep dislike for England which decades of antagonism had already planted in the heart of the Russian people. It does not appear very statesmanlike to make an opposing nation more hostile than necessary; and where it is necessary to oppose, the opposition should be effective. This illustrates the supreme importance in all international affairs of kindly speech, of sincere desire for peaceful adjustment of mutual differences, of resistance only when seriously necessary, and then that the stroke should be delivered speedily and with all the power at the command of the combatant.

As to American opposition to Russian operations in Asia it may as well be understood now, as it must be understood finally, that though Russia regrets to have our newspapers assail her and our orators secure applause by fulminating against her, yet she will not be disturbed by them as long as there is no danger that these hostile sentiments will be supported by physical power. It matters little to Russian statesmen how much American gentlemen may buttonhole one another on the street and denounce Russia, so long as there are no soldiers and ships and cannon back of their words—that is, it matters not so far as the execution of her purpose is concerned. As a matter of fact, of course, Russia would rather have the sincere friendship of the people of the United States than not. Indeed, she is a constant bidder for American friendship. The United States is the only nation in the world for whose permanent and sincere regard Russia particularly cares. She does not think that we shall ever be in her way. Besides this, if Russia can remain permanently friendly with the United States she will prevent any popular Anglo-Saxon consolidation throughout the world. And finally, Russia likes us because she has formed the habit of liking us and kept it up for more than a century. She was actively sympathetic in our war for independence; prominently and very effectively friendly during our civil conflict of the sixties; and although many well-informed men say that both of these manifestations of Russian friendship for America were immediately inspired by a desire to embarrass England, still they had the result of forming a pro-American sentiment among Russian statesmen and the Russian people. And a sentiment once established in the Russian mind is not easy to uproot. Russia's friendship for America is the most genuine feeling of amity she has for any nation in the world.

On the other hand, the desire not only of the Mikado but of the Japanese people for the friendship of the United States is fervid to the point of anxiety. An entire paper might be devoted to the reasons, present and historic, for this earnest wish of the Japanese for close and cordial relations with the United States. A small volume might be written composed of nothing but expressions of Japanese public men and business men to the same purport. So that it appears that, since there is no immediate necessity for action one way or the other by the United States, we are in the position of the Power whose real and permanent regard is most highly desired by both of the great antagonists now facing each other in the Orient. And this is a position which a child can see may readily give the American Republic a controlling voice in the controversy when the last word comes to be spoken, and without effort or embarrassment to ourselves.

The Beginning of the End

ONE fact looms clear and vast out of all this apparent chaos of diplomatic and military complications. That fact is that the partition of China has already begun. Whatever may be the outcome of the present negotiations at Tokio, the "Son of Heaven" at Pekin has lost practical sovereignty over Manchuria, a portion of his Empire equal in area to the Mississippi Valley; for Chinese forces cannot maintain Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria against Russia if the latter wishes to remain there. And if Japan agrees that Russia

(Concluded on Page 21)

The Business Side of the Big Unions

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

"YOU TOOK THE WRONG JOB"

JUST after the formation of the Steel Trust the superintendent of one of the big plants of the corporation sent for the head roller and remarked, "Tom, your salary ran up to three thousand dollars more than mine last year and I'll have to cut you down."

"I don't see why," retorted the roller; "the only trouble with you is that you took the wrong job."

However much or little truth there may be in this anecdote that has gone the rounds of the steel industry, it serves not only to illustrate the truism that everything depends on how one looks at it, but it also reflects in a rough-and-ready way the attitude of mind of labor and capital—the two camps that ever have been at loggerheads. The bone of contention is but one of profits, and the whole quarrel is over the division of the product of united industry; and the great clash will come inevitably when labor demands for its share more than capital can grant and sustain its existence as such. Our superintendent evidently thought he was entitled to more money than the roller for his work of direction, and the latter was not bashful in declaring that he performed a more necessary function and was therefore entitled to a greater wage.

The anecdote, moreover—to use it as a text—makes it clear that labor is demanding more and more of the social product, taking it for granted everywhere, in Europe as well as in America, that it deserves more. On what the demand is based, on the evolution of it, with its justice or its injustice, with its wisdom or its folly, the limits of this article forbid discussion. It is only to be pointed out here that trades unions were fashioned merely for the end of wresting a greater share of production from industry. They had their birth in the economic logic of events, just exactly as the mammoth trusts were born of the same sources. It was the union that put the magnate of the rolls in a position to feel sorry for the mistaken choice of his boss. Both organizations went up to the music of the dollar and both business epics are written in the poetry of money.

And side by side with the "trustification" of our industries has gone on the unionization of our labor, the end and aim of both being practically the same—the establishing of a monopolistic price for their products of labor and commodities, to oust the old law of price evolved from supply and demand. "Supply and demand!" exclaimed the arrogant member of a union committee to an employer. "There isn't a word about that in our constitution. You supply what we demand, or we strike; that's the only supply and demand that I know anything about."

However mistaken, however arbitrary, the restrictions of the unions on labor have all emanated from the same ideas that inspired the trust to restrict trade. When the building unions of Chicago went to the extreme length of forbidding the plumbers to set more than one tub a day and wipe no more than four joints, when a lather capable of laying about forty square yards a day was held down to nine, when the laws of his union made the plumber refuse to touch a task that he could finish in a minute merely to give the steamfitter a half-day's work—all of these unjust rules were made with the notion that there was but a given amount of work at a given time, and the trick was to put the price for it up as high as it would go while the work lasted. When building was hampered until it stagnated the restrictions were removed. On about the same principles the trust juggles with the interests of the public. Theoretically, both sides should keep an eye wide open for permanent as against merely temporary benefits, but practically both of them are willing to grab what they can and let the future take care of itself.

"See here, my friend," said a wiseacre to a plumber, "don't you know that in only wiping four joints a day, when you can do three times as much without hurting yourself, that you are limiting the productivity of capital, and if this keeps up there will be no money invested in building and that you will be out of work? What will you do then?"

"Rest up," answered the plumber.

The insistence of the unions on a minimum wage is the only practical method by which any wage scale can be enforced by the unions. The minimum wage lumps abilities and strikes an average between the ordinary and the exceptional worker, and though here and there it may handicap the gifted mechanic it more than compensates for the injustice to him by its protection of the mass. Often the employer resorted to the trick of putting a "rusher" on a job, paying him an unusually high rate, and then requiring the same output from those who received a far lower compensation. Often where unorganized labor is employed a machine answers all the purposes of the "rusher," and the man who feeds or tends it must keep up with the mechanism or quit his job; but the moment the men are organized the union steps in to insist on a "dead-line" that, in a certain sense, regulates the revolution of the wheels. The linotyper in Chicago, for instance, who delivers thirty-two hundred "ems" an hour is declared a competent union workman; he has the full liberty of setting up more if he chooses, and, as a matter of fact, he will average four thousand, but no employer can discharge a man who observes the limit without calling down the wrath of the union upon his head.

This may be as good a place as another to insist on the false reasoning of those who would claim that our tendency toward shorter and shorter hours will end by transforming our toilers into a shiftless and good-for-nothing race. Professor Jacques Loeb in his brilliant book, The Comparative Physiology of the Brain, full of interesting excursions on our social problems, points out that man is a worker by the force of his instincts and that if he idles his blood accumulates chemicals that make him uncomfortable and wretched, and his only release from misery is the satisfaction of instinct through employment.

The man who is a perfect artist at doing nothing is abnormal, degenerate and out of consideration. All those who have studied the question are ready to admit that the way to the saloon is lengthened by shorter hours, and that overwork and overtaxation of the system cause more drunkenness than leisure and sloth. In the normal, and not to say ideal, social system an abbreviation of hours in factory and mill ought to lead to a gratification of individual tastes through a change of occupation. Nor is work, as some philosophers would have us believe, the be-all and end-all of man.

The Fight for a Reduced Output

BUT to return to our muttons: The fight of the labor unions against the installation of new machinery is a monopolistic attempt to regulate the supply and demand of its sole product—labor. The hostility of the printers to the introduction of the linotype machines in the Government printing offices at Washington causes an extra and unnecessary expense of thousands of dollars annually—most of it as much of an economic loss as if it were dumped into the sea. But the enmity of American labor to new inventions has been comparatively slight and is steadily on the wane. The unions recognize, with the most stupid of us, that new machinery creates new wants and opens to the worker new fields of an unlimited acreage; that the typewriter, the telegraph, the railroad and what not have given hosts employment in the mere making of implements, not to mention the running of them, and that the displacement caused by the innovations is small enough to be negligible.

When the unions hold that a surplus of apprentices will end by making a deficit of work; that it is far better to keep a boy from learning a trade than to let him master it only to find himself out of a job in his manhood—when the unions argue thus they are consistently monopolistic, and blind to the fact that nothing makes work like work. Yet, without taking the time to delve into it, one can see how even this severe limitation of apprentices is self-regulative, in the long run, by the same law as that the trust must in the end pay the penalty for trifling too flippantly with the natural price of commodities.

The story is told of a walking delegate who entered a machinist's shop and commanded: "Here, I want that new boy to quit. You've got more apprentices at work now than the law allows."

"But he is my son," explained the proprietor.

"What! that little red-headed guy?" retorted the surprised delegate. "Well, he probably hasn't got brains enough to make a mechanic, anyway. Better let him play marbles."

"REST UP," ANSWERED THE PLUMBER

To put their wares on the market, and to sell them, to win customers, the unions employ about the same methods as the alert merchants of our day. Men want something for their money; they must be shown why it is to their advantage to change over from one house to another, and these advantages must not only be claimed but they must be proved as well; and so trained organizers, like wide-awake drummers, are kept on the road to preach unionism and promulgate its doctrines. Union papers go out to their trade by the carload; circulars, advertisements of all descriptions burden the mails. The Cigar Makers' International Union of America appeals to converts with the following:

> Do you know that capital (employers) has combined in our trade, in trusts and other ways, and that the natural tendency of wages, owing to the fierce competition, is always downward, and that wages are constantly being reduced except in cases where we are organized and protected by the Cigar Makers' International Union? Do you fully realize that many of our large manufacturers have become millionaires and that they live in palaces, own fast horses and yachts, and that they spend in a minute for luxuries more than you earn in a month? Do you fully realize that, owing to your unorganized condition, you are getting from two dollars to ten dollars per thousand less than is received by union men? Did you ever stop to consider the fact that by your action you are preventing the organized portion of our craft from making further and more substantial gains? . . . Do you think you are doing justice to yourself, to yours, to your wife and children, by standing alone, thus permitting your employer to reap all the benefits and profits of the trade—to clothe his wife and children in silks and to give them the best of everything, while yours are scantily clothed and housed in ramshackles when compared with those of the average employer? . . . All we ask is that you carefully read what we have to say; talk this matter over with your wife and friends; ask your wife and children if they would not like you to earn better wages in order that you may enjoy more comfort and better conditions in life.

Vast sums of money are collected by the unions in the shape of dues, and since men don't expend unless they can secure an immediate and palpable return, vast sums are distributed in sick, death and strike benefits. In other ways the comparison just made will ring true; for no business through long experience builds up a finer mechanism for the transaction of its affairs than a successful union. Take, for example, the Cigar Makers' International Union of America, which has won by common consent the place of the model union in the world of labor. It has 43,000 members, each of whom contribute three dollars in initiation fees and thirty cents a week for dues to the treasury. The four hundred and eighty locals of the union hold their funds in trust for the International. Including the permanent balance, the organization handles over $1,200,000 a year. It pays a strike benefit of five dollars a week; a funeral benefit of fifty, a wife and widowed mother benefit of forty dollars, and a graduated death benefit running from $200 to $250. A member of the union who finds it necessary to travel from one place to another in order to secure work is entitled to a loan of twenty dollars. From 1879 to 1900 the International paid out almost five millions in benefits of all kinds. Money is as much the sinews of a strike as of a war, and in the big contests waged with the New York manufacturers the International

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject by Mr. Friedman. The second will appear next week.

spent over $250,000 for purposes of offense and defense. These figures are interesting if for nothing more than to show what the union means in the social life of its adherents.

The officers of the union consist practically of a president, a secretary and an editor of the Journal, all of them represented in one person, and for these combined and trying services he receives the absurd salary of $1500. One sees at a glance the discrepancy between the responsibilities and powers of the office and the enormous temptations it would offer for dishonesty to all but the strongest among men.

The International meets in convention but once in eight years. Its laws are all made by the members themselves under the initiative and referendum system, and those who fail to vote in general elections are fined one dollar—a plan that contains more than a suggestion for those who advocate a general use of the initiative and referendum in our public affairs. When a member is fined for any reason he may take an appeal from his local to the president, and from the president to the executive board, and from the executive board to the referendum vote—a complicated mill that grinds slowly but exceedingly small. A conservative policy has made strikes infrequent, and the statistics of the International show that strikes and trade disputes grew fewer as the membership and wages increased; on the same grounds, one supposes, that a strong nation is more likely to contest its prowess with a weak nation than one of equal power and resource.

Strikes never are allowed except by the authority and consent of a popular vote. Every difficulty involving more than twenty-five members must be submitted at once by the president of the International to a vote of all the local unions, and no action is considered official unless approved by a majority of two-thirds.

The dissimilarity of the material with which it works compels a change in the organization of a union and accounts readily enough for any variation in type, just as a difference in economic institutions explains the correlative difference in the superstructure of its legal and political system. The billet is the basis for wages in the steel industry and the scale shifts with its value, and so the exigencies of the case compel the delegates of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers to assemble annually, whereas one convention in eight years answers the purposes of the cigar makers' union. The feature—one that apparently is neither to be changed nor altered—that distinguishes the Amalgamated Association from all the other unions is the expiration of all agreements with employers at midnight of June the thirtieth. After the adjournment of the yearly May convention the representatives of the various mills and their superintendents meet to discuss the scale, and if there is any dissent the fires are drawn and the mills are closed (a procedure that is considered neither a strike nor a lockout) until the mooted point is settled.

Varying veins, hard and soft coal and local conditions put many obstacles in the way of the union of the United Mine Workers of America, but the genius of its leaders has evolved a plan that apparently has surmounted them all. This union likewise holds an annual convention and arranges its business for the year; but during the assembly the delegates from the several districts hold what may be termed side conventions to fix their own scale of wages and conditions of work, and these separate agreements must be passed on by the body of the whole before they become conclusive and binding. In the third week of the convention a joint meeting is held between the operators and the committees from their districts for the purpose of talking over the wage scales already drawn up. Thus the soft coal operators and district officers of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, part of Missouri and Michigan, a small patch of Maryland, and West Virginia fix their scales for varying veins, and when their conclusions are passed on by the body of the whole the remainder of the coal country—Alabama, Virginia, Arkansas and Indian Territory—convenes its operators and miners to indorse, with necessary changes, nearly the same articles of agreement.

Unions and "Class Distinction"

EXAMPLES might be quoted without end, but in the main the tendency of unionism is to conform to these three types, and perhaps enough has been said to show that the energy, the brain and the executive ability required to organize a huge union keep an even pace with the tax that the trust levies on the same abilities of its master minds. Americans point with pride to the rapid assimilation of the hordes from Europe as one of their chief national triumphs, and yet one of the seeming insuperable obstacles of trades unionism was the amalgamation of different peoples whose languages, customs, temperaments and characteristics, their ways of thinking and living, were even wider apart than the varied lands from which they came. The two processes have gone on hand in hand, the one helping the other.

Before its actual achievement the marshaling of "low" and unskilled labor—teamsters, flat-janitors, waiters, elevator boys and what not—into the line of unionism would have seemed an absurdity. To-day the question is no longer what can be but what cannot be unionized, and the cannot is represented by a circle of rapidly diminishing circumference. Skilled labor learned how dependent it was on unskilled labor in times of trouble, and the ingenuity of the organizer was forced naturally and logically to strengthen the points easiest of attack.

The skilled labor employed on a building, for instance, had ten chances to one of winning their strike if the teamsters refused to haul material to the forbidden spot; and the teamsters in turn had triple the chance of winning their strike if the elevator boys and flat-janitors refused to accept goods from "scab" drivers.

"Union man?" asked the elevator boy, noticing the absence of a button in the teamster's coat.

"Nop," comes the answer.

"I'm sorry, but I can't take you upstairs. The elevator just broke, and I'm forbidden to carry more than twelve pounds, and I can't carry freight up while passengers are waiting. You'll find a stairway in the rear."

And so the marvelous process of amalgamation went on apace, wiping out fine distinctions as it went, teaching skilled labor and the public at large that the man who performs its meanest toil is just as necessary to the business of the community as its finest artisans. Let one waiter walk out of a restaurant and there is just one more unhappy individual in the community; let them all walk out together and a hungry public begins to scratch its head and think that a waiter amounts to something. This community of interests, this cohesion of member to member, gave labor a new dignity and a self-respect that it never had before—save in sermons on the dignity of toil.

In one way "class distinctions"—words detested by the bigoted and the sentimental—have been wiped out by the unions, and in another way class feeling has been intensified and solidified. To those who are willing to drop narrow prejudices, who can forget for a moment the bugaboos with which it has been associated, the term "class struggle" has all the significance of a beautiful epic. It means nothing more nor less than the upward and onward movement of the greater portion of our present society. It stands for the emancipation of the toiler, for better wages and a higher standard of living. In the march of the masses along the fields of economics, in the restless movement of the peoples, it symbolizes the same thing as equality in the triumphant advance of the nations across the realms of politics.

The Servant Question in America

A Man's Solution for a Woman's Problem

By Harrison Rhodes

IT MAY seem ridiculous, even impertinent, of any one, who has for some years avoided the problem by living abroad, to attack the question of domestic service in America. But one gets a fresh view coming back to it, and feels, perhaps, that there is something to be learned from a comparison of conditions here with conditions there. It is just possible that the American woman is at too close quarters with her difficulties to get any clear view of them in perspective. She is engaged in a veritable struggle for life and has neither time nor patience for calm reasoning. The small, technical details of the matter necessarily bulk large in her field of vision. She wonders how she can teach the cook to make the buckwheat cakes light, and how she can convince the housemaid that dusting with a soft cloth is the only effectual way, and that the feather-duster is a delusion and a snare. With such matters the present article is not to deal. The question is, broadly speaking, a social one—a problem of the relation of classes to each other; and some readjustment of these relations must, in my opinion, be brought about if things are to go any better below stairs in America. Upon this basis of investigation the value of a detached view is more apparent.

Let me clear the ground to a certain extent in the very beginning by stating that the incompetence and ignorance of servants has very little place in the discussion. Not incompetence, but indifference, is the difficulty. There are, of course, plenty of untrained servants, but the incompetent servant, when willing, becomes competent quickly enough. If the truth be acknowledged, there is no great amount of skill or intelligence necessary for the ordinary work about a house, and all that there is to know can be learned with no great difficulty. Cooking is, of course, scarcely to be included in this statement. But, after much study of the subject, one comes to feel that the ability to cook is largely a gift of the gods. Training helps, but people either are, or are not, born to be cooks. All the willingness in the world would not, it is true, enable some people to learn how to make soup. But, on the other hand, indifference and lack of interest will often lead a *cordon bleu* to send up uneatable meals. So that, even here, the wish to do well is, after all, the important thing. Intelligence and capability are at a high level in America. We constantly proclaim this ourselves and the visitor from abroad almost invariably acknowledges it. The American stock itself is wonderfully efficient, and there can be no doubt that even the brain of the stupidest immigrant begins to move more quickly in our atmosphere. If American servants are bad it is not because they could not be good, but because they do not want to be.

This last statement would probably be echoed eagerly by thousands of embittered housekeepers. The other day a woman who is struggling to manage a New York flat said to me:

"Servants! Oh, they're just devils—that's all you can say about them!"

And as it appeared that the day before her housemaid had got drunk and had attacked her mistress, catching up and smashing a valuable little Sheraton table in the attempt to use it as a weapon, there seemed a shadow of reason for the statement. Yet, in spite of such incidents, I am convinced that it is, on the whole, the fault of the employers rather than of the employed that the problem of American domestic service is so acute a one.

The Search for the Impossible

WE ARE trying for the sort of servant we shall never be able to get. The employers seem to be struggling to force the employed into a relation which is wholly out of harmony with the spirit of our national life. The ideal of Americans would seem to be the impersonal, almost wholly commercial, arrangement which exists between the well-trained English servant and his master. Of course, the pompousness and the petrified politeness are not demanded; we have laughed at them for too many years in plays and comic papers. But the employers say to themselves: "We are willing to pay good wages, to provide comfortable quarters and good food, and to ask only a reasonable amount of service. In return, we expect them to do their work, as they would in any other occupation, for the wages paid them. There is no degradation involved, since we do not consider the relation in any special way a personal one. We do not ask favors of them. We pay for what we want and we expect to receive it."

Now, this is all very logical. And in England, because class feeling still exists so enormously, there are servants who think it the natural and proper thing that they should perform menial services and do what they are paid to do. But even in England they will not do one bit more than that. The traditional code by which duties are assigned to the various servants in an English household is ridiculously minute. "Tweeny," in Mr. Barrie's delightful play, The Admirable Crichton, is an example. She was a "between-maid," and it was her function "to carry the dishes from one end of the kitchen table, where they are placed by cook, to the other end, where they pass into the charge of Thomas and John." What American could endure such unchanging and rigid laws as this? Should we like the English condition of armed neutrality even if we could get it? But we cannot.

For the American considers that personal services are degrading when he is asked to give them merely because some one else has more money than he and can afford to pay for them. This seems at once to establish a class distinction which he resents and to which he is determined not to submit. If what he gives is the result of a mere commercial bargain then he determines that he will get as much and give as little as possible. If England is armed neutrality, America is open war. Mistress and maid are enemies. No demand is too preposterous to be made by servants before deigning to accept a place.

"You send out the washing, of course," says a prospective cook.

"No," timidly begins the would-be mistress, who had meant to be firm that the cook should be laundress, too.

"What do you do with your soiled clothes, then?" is the sarcastic inquiry. "Throw them away every week?"

If one may trust what one hears, each year wages grow higher and the struggle between employers and employed bitterer. Along the present lines manifestly no good can be hoped for. The only way is to make the relation between the two classes a more personal and so a pleasanter one. Only the other day I heard a woman talk of the difficulty she was having in "breaking in" a new maid! Well, I should hope so! If high wages will not produce any results, perhaps kindness will.

The Saving Grace of Gentle Speech

BY KINDNESS I do not mean greater ease. I do not refer to larger rooms, shorter hours or fewer restrictions. I mean courtesy and politeness. Many a thing that servants will not do as a duty they would probably willingly undertake as a kindness. What is needed is more democracy of feeling. Servants are intrinsically no less kindly and humane than any other class in the community, and it is to these qualities that we must appeal.

I think it will be found to be almost every one's experience that only from servants whom one likes and by whom one is liked does one ever get really pleasant and satisfactory service. And it seems contrary to the American character to like people with an assumption of superiority. Consequently, if you want good servants you must treat them on some basis of equality, and make requests, not issue commands.

This does not mean that you are to help wash the dishes or beg the cook to sit down to dinner with you. Such things were necessary in the country villages of the West once. I remember once hearing an estimable widow, sitting at the table with her employers in an Ohio farmhouse, describe, with all the dreadful details, how a family who had gone to live in Cleveland "put on style." She had heard, she said, that after "they had finished their meat and vegetables a bell was rung and a servant appeared!" This individual brought in something, what the teller of the tale did not know, but "supposed it must be the pie." Arcadian simplicity and equality as of the golden age are probably no longer to be hoped for. To understand how thorough democracy of feeling and real efficiency of service may be combined we must look to the Latin countries, and to France preëminently.

I remember staying once at a small country hotel in Normandy. In it three maid-servants did absolutely all the work for twenty people. They polished the boots, carried hot water, baths and breakfast to the rooms, made the beds, cooked and served an admirable luncheon and dinner, again brought hot water and turned down the beds for the night, ran errands in the village at intervals all through the day, and helped from time to time in the café connected with the hotel. Every moment from five in the morning to eleven at night they were busy, yet they remained cheerful and smiling. Perhaps because one saw them so rushed one always qualified one's orders by an "if you please" or "if you can find time." The result was that one constantly made, and with success, requests which one could never hope would meet with attention from an American servant. These young women seemed enthusiastically to take the view that guests were entitled to every comfort and they themselves to none. When I left they all came to the carriage, said that they hoped I would come again; and then, to my astonishment, put out their hands and shook mine cordially in good-by. They had done very "menial" and "degrading" service, yet we parted as equals. All their endless toil took on the aspect of attention to a friend. How much more grateful it was to me on this account, and how much less irksome it must have been for them.

Perhaps the most exaggerated examples of equality will best explain the feeling that runs in less degree through all French life. I know another hotel where last summer an English clergyman might sometimes have been seen playing piquet with the *chef* after the work in the kitchen was over for the day, and where the proprietor's son, who was the pastry-cook, sometimes accompanied parties of the guests to the casino of an evening. It may possibly be a significant fact that the *cuisine* was the best for the money I have known.

This same proprietor had a sister who years ago had married and gone to live in Chili. She was now enormously rich and kept up a great train of life. To her the brother had lately written asking that she give the post of *chef* to her nephew. I with difficulty controlled my amazement at this idea, but there appeared to be nothing astonishing in it to those chiefly concerned.

Of course, such breaking down of barriers is very uncommon, but the note of equality is present even when the conventions are more respected. I visited once near Dieppe in a house where a smallish hunchbacked woman named Alphonsine did all the work for a household of four, adding to the chamberwork and cooking some gardening and the task of fetching all the drinking water from a well a quarter of a mile off. One day she said casually to her mistress:

"It costs madame a great deal to hire a carriage every day in the village. I should scarcely think madame could afford to do so."

Madame's first impulse, because she was English, was to resent this frank speech. Should she discuss her bank account with a servant?

"It would be better," continued Alphonsine, "that madame should keep a horse of her own. We could put one in this shed at the side."

My friend nodded. Her servant's smile had begun to convince her that no impertinence was intended.

"Next year," she said, "perhaps I can. I had thought of getting a boy. He could look after it and he could do part of your work."

At this Alphonsine's face only fell.

"But, madame," she protested, "I could take care of the horse. I could feed him and rub him down. Oh, yes, I should have time. Will madame not consider having one this year?"

To Alphonsine, as to many another servant in the Latin countries, the household is a matter of common interest. The servant does the drudgery and the master works, or has worked, or will work to pay the bills. It is a kind of division of labor which makes the servant's position as self-respecting as the master's. It takes away the sting from menial service and makes it a form of partnership.

The Coöperative Idea

THERE is in New York a writer who is now rich and celebrated. When he was poor and unknown he had a French man-servant. Instead of being the extravagance which it may sound this was really economy in its strictest form, for the combined duties of valet, chambermaid, cook, errand boy, private secretary and confidential friend were assumed by this one man, who was absolutely tireless in his master's service and gave him almost doglike devotion. But he did not forget his rights as servant. The period was one of distress and discouragement in his master's literary career. Many a time the impulse came to give up writing altogether, to "chuck it" for good and all. The impulse, as is not strange, was often strongest in the morning, when bed seemed warm and comfortable and the writing table only the probable field of another defeat. But every morning François routed his master out of bed. Protests were useless.

"You cannot lie in bed, monsieur," he would say emphatically. "You have had no success as yet. You must be up and at work."

At the back of his brain was the coöperative idea. If he was to polish boots it was his master's duty to polish epigrams. Otherwise the household could not go on. If the master had taken a lofty view of matters or if the servant had "remembered his proper position" the master might never have become the famous man he now is.

It will, of course, be objected that what is possible in France and Italy is not possible in America. But are not the offhand manner and the familiarity of speech that we are so apt to resent in servants the very signs that in time we might develop something of the Latin relationship?

In New York, the other day, I was awaiting the arrival of some member of my family at a hotel and, in consequence, was occupying for the moment a suite with several extra rooms. The elevator boy inquired of me the second day:

"The folks coming soon?"

One's first thought is that if the speech weren't so funny it would be impertinently familiar. But if one stops to think, is it any different from "Is the family of monsieur or madame likely to arrive soon?" And the latter would seem a graceful attention.

A friend of mine had a cook in Chicago once with whom the assumption of equality was so tempered by politeness of speech that it became real charm. Mary and her mistress were real friends. I think that was the reason the cooking was so good. I must quote Mary's contribution to the discussion. One day, when there was some talk as to what would be a suitable menu for that evening's dinner party:

"I wish, Mrs. X," said Mary, "that when you go out to dinner parties you could remember what you have to eat and tell me. I should like to try to cook new things here if I only knew what they were. But you see I go out so little."

How it Works in Practice

I BELIEVE that Americans could treat their servants democratically, for occasionally even now devotion to the family is found—it did not die out altogether with the going out of the old régime. I know a family who when they went abroad found a temporary place for three months with some friends for a housemaid who had been with them five or six years. On their return they questioned her as to how she had liked her place.

"Oh, all right," she replied guardedly. And then she added with a burst of feeling, "But I can tell you I shall never work out again."

That is the sort of feeling which we must try to develop in our servants. We cannot produce a class feeling such as makes English domestic service what it is. But we might be friends, and so approximately attain the peace that France and Italy enjoy.

How many times do you say "Thank you" to a servant who has done something for you? And how do you give orders? If people suddenly send word they are dining with you, how do you approach the cook? Do you try to preserve what you foolishly think is your dignity and say, "Bridget, I want you to make a mayonnaise for the tomatoes." It is conceivable that if it is Monday or Tuesday Bridget may flatly refuse. But if you conduct the attack somewhat differently she may find it embarrassing to seem unwilling.

"These people are coming to dinner. It's unfortunate that it happens on a busy day, isn't it? But I suppose we must try to give them a good dinner for all that. Now for the tomatoes—let's see—I should think a mayonnaise would be the nicest thing, if you could find time to make it. You can't think of anything else that would do as well, can you?"

The formula is capable of infinite variations, but it consists essentially of asking a favor without betraying the slightest doubt that it will be granted. Pretend to suppose that any failure in the household will annoy your servants as much as it will you. This is one of the reasons why men find housekeeping so easy when they attempt it. They are forced to put the whole responsibility on the servants' shoulders, and they appeal for help and service by their very helplessness.

Try to take it for granted that your servants want to do well. Be so polite to them that they will not dare be rude to you. Improve your own manners so that you may improve theirs. Never admit that you suppose they could wish not to please you. There is a proverb about giving a dog a bad name; but it is as true about giving him a good name. Be democratic, be American, and perhaps you will have better servants.

THE STEAL

What His Business and What His Domestic Conscience Thought of It

By William Hamilton Osborne

"WHAT WRONG HAVE YOU DONE?"

THE stout, red-faced individual opened the door with a vicious swing and entered the office somewhat after the manner of a hurricane in March. He strode to the desk of Kennedy, the private secretary and general manager of Benjamin G. Fordyce.

"Has he come in yet?" asked the red-faced man of Kennedy.

Kennedy shook his head. "He has not," he answered. He glanced at the clock. "I doubt now," he continued, "whether he'll be back again to-day."

The old man waved his hand in the air. "Why the deuce," he protested, "doesn't Fordyce 'tend to business? This is the third time I've been here to-day, and——"

Kennedy interrupted. "You know, Mr. Jenkinson," he said, "I can fix that little matter for you if you'll only——"

"No, you can't," snapped the other. "I want to see Fordyce about it. I've been trying to see him for a week. I want to see *him*."

Kennedy gestured apologetically. "You know," he began again, "that Fordyce just got back from Europe last week, and——"

"What's that got to do with it," retorted Jenkinson; "what does he go to Europe for just in the business season? Hang it, look at me. I don't go to Europe, do I? Maybe I could sell Fordyce out, over and over again. Maybe I couldn't. But you know who *I* am. And *I* can't go to Europe in the busy season." He stopped. "You tell Benjamin Fordyce," he went on, bringing his fist down on Kennedy's desk, "that I want to see him to-morrow morning about that thing, and not later than eleven o'clock. That's all." He turned and stalked out of the office with the same emphasis with which he had entered. He slammed the door behind him. Outside he turned and half shook his fist at the inscription on the door. "Healthy way of doing business," he muttered angrily. The inscription on the door was inoffensive enough in its way. "Benjamin G. Fordyce, Fire Insurance," was all it said. And yet that inscription and the name and business that stood behind it were known in a modest way all over the city of New York.

Jenkinson, the man who had just left, was the head and front of the well-known woolen house which to this day bears his name. He was the star customer of Benjamin G. Fordyce. Jenkinson was all business, "clear up to the handle," as he himself expressed it, and he had turned his business in to Fordyce because he believed that Fordyce was the same kind of a man. He wouldn't deal with Kennedy, nor with anybody else than Fordyce. It was Fordyce who was the General Agent of the Great American, and it was the Great American that Jenkinson desired to bind. His insurance contracts were invariably complicated, and he wouldn't take the chance of slipping up anywhere along the line.

"And he's right—dead right," said Kennedy unto himself after the other man had left. Kennedy stopped work for a moment and looked out at a building just across the street. "I suppose," he sighed, "that that is one of the things I'm here for—to get sworn at like the dickens. There's getting to be a bit too much of it. I'm getting tired. And besides——"

"Besides" what he did not say. But for some ten minutes young Thomas Kennedy sat staring into the windows of the other skyscraper, his brow well puckered up, and his mind upon—the future. Finally he swung around once more to his desk.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "it's the only thing for me to do. It's business—hanged if it isn't. And," he saw fit to add, "it's eternally right, besides."

Benjamin G. Fordyce, successful insurance broker, agent of the best fire companies anywhere within the country, was a self-made man. He was proud of it. He had sold papers on the streets; run errands for retail dry-goods stores, climbed from this small job into that, and at the age of thirteen had somehow wormed himself into the home office of the Great American Insurance Company on lower Broadway at the remunerative salary of three dollars a week. After five years he had been taken bodily out of the home office by the man who was that concern's general agent in New York. This man recognized his worth and tied up to Benjamin G. Fordyce. The world forgot that man. Fordyce succeeded him, and the name of Fordyce was a leader in the fire insurance world.

The time had come, and not so very long ago, when he had said to himself: "I am a success. Now is the time for enjoyment. I have worked to advantage. Now is the time to play. I have built a business that can run itself. I may lay back and take the proceeds. Benjamin G. Fordyce has arrived."

There was one especial reason why he could afford to say all this. That reason was embodied in the person of Thomas Kennedy, his right-hand man. Kennedy knew and understood the Fordyce business, methods, clientèle—everything, from top to bottom, from A to Z. Kennedy was the be-all and the end-all; he was all things to one man—and that man Fordyce.

Fordyce therefore, a man with a large income and a growing business, launched himself upon the flood tide of material enjoyment.

On the day following the advent of Jenkinson, the angry one, Fordyce sought out Jenkinson and arranged the business that that estimable gentleman had in mind in the space of twenty minutes. Then he returned to his office.

"Blamed old idiot," Fordyce said to Kennedy; "you could have fixed that up just as well as I."

"I know it," returned Kennedy, "but he wouldn't stand for it. Did he—did he have anything to say—did he let himself out at all?"

Fordyce laughed. "Not to me," he answered. "He was as mild as a May morning. These fellows don't give me any of their gay talk, you can wager. I'm too good friends with all of them."

Kennedy smiled grimly. "They take it out of me, all right," he good-naturedly complained. He fumbled nervously with the papers on his desk, swallowed hard once or twice and then turned back to Fordyce.

"Mr. Fordyce," he began earnestly, "I—I wanted to speak to you about something that concerns you and concerns me—a confidential matter."

Fordyce nodded, rose and closed the door leading into the outer office.

"Fire ahead, Tommy," he said, sinking into a well-upholstered leather chair, and throwing his leg over one of the arms, "tell me all about it."

For three-quarters of an hour the two men sat there, Kennedy on the one hand advocating his proposition with unwonted fervor; Fordyce on the other combating it good-naturedly. Finally Fordyce rose and threw open the door that he had closed. The conference was over.

"I'm mighty glad, though, Kennedy," he said, "for your sake, that you're going to marry. It's all right. It's just the thing for you to do." He held out his hand. "I'm sorry, Tommy," he continued, "that we can't agree on anything that's satisfactory. I'll be sorry to lose you, very. But you'll be here until the first of next May. Is that right? I can rely on that?"

"That is right, sir," answered Tommy, "you can rely on that." Fordyce placed his hat upon his head. "I'm going out to luncheon," he concluded, "that'll take about an hour and a half—I'm lunching at the Lawyers' Club to-day. I'll be back for half an hour at two. I'll be taking the two-fifty express this afternoon, for I've got something on out home."

At half-past four that day Fordyce was engaged in the genteel art of dressing—and Fordyce knew how to dress, at that. "What do you think," he said to his wife as he tied his cravat, "what do you think that Tommy Kennedy had the nerve to suggest to me to-day?"

Young Mrs. Fordyce—a tall, rangy girl, and very beautiful in the eyes of Fordyce in particular, and of the world at large in general—young Mrs. Fordyce couldn't guess.

Fordyce brushed his hat. He laughed. "His proposition," he continued, "was a modest one. He suggested the formation of a partnership—Fordyce & Kennedy. Actually had the nerve, mind you."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Fordyce a bit anxiously.

"What could I say?" answered Fordyce. "I told him no, of course. I told him it was out of the question, and of course it is. I told him I would give him a raise and a good one. I offered it to him on the spot. He refused it, point blank. Said it wasn't what he wanted. Said he was ambitious in a way and wanted to get along. Wanted a show; wanted to be independent, and all that rot. Didn't want a salary; wanted to be interested, actually interested, in the business and its growth. I gave him some good advice. I told him to stay where he was; to take the raise and let well enough alone, rather than to starve as an independent man. Well, he wouldn't hear me; wouldn't take the raise; wouldn't work on a salary any longer. Said he had made up his mind."

"Well," interposed Mrs. Fordyce, adjusting *her* hat, "what is he going to do?"

"That's the point," returned Fordyce; "he's going to open an office of his own—May, next year."

Mrs. Fordyce slightly frowned. "I'm sorry to hear that," she remarked. "He's been with you so long, and he's so reliable."

"He's going," went on Fordyce, "and he's going to get married, too. Oh, it'll be all right. I know half a dozen good men any one of whom can do the work that Kennedy's been doing. Kennedy's a good man, of course, but no wonder, for he's been handling a rattling good business. He's a good fellow. I want to see Tommy get along." Fordyce turned. "Now, Madge," he said, "I'm ready. Great Scott, but you are a picture in that hat! It's a stunner, isn't it? Where in thunder did you get it?"

"THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN HERE TO-DAY"

That evening, in a town ten miles nearer to New York, Thomas Kennedy related to his fiancée practically the same details—and something more. It was at this something more that the girl to whom he talked shook her head—she had done so all along.

"Are you sure, Tommy," she insisted, "that it's really honorable—that it's really right?"

"Right!" said Tommy, as he had said so often to himself, "of course it's right. If it wasn't I wouldn't do it. Why look here, Kitty, you don't seem to understand that Fordyce's business is really my business to a large extent. Fordyce built up a good business. True enough. But for the last three years he hasn't done a stroke of work. I've kept the business in shape—I've run it. I've brought him some very good customers. Besides, he's rich—he's well fixed, Kitty. It's a fair deal all around. It's fair to the other people. It's only fair to me."

"Is it fair," insistently repeated the girl, "to Mr. Fordyce?"

"If it isn't, Kitty," concluded Kennedy, "I can't see *why* it isn't. I'm a fair man and I think it's all right."

Weeks later Fordyce spoke to Kennedy. "You'll want a couple of weeks for your wedding trip?" he suggested.

"No," returned Kennedy, "we're not going to take any—at least not for some time after the wedding. And the wedding won't be for some time yet. I'll be busy, you know, myself, and besides, I'll want to get your new man worked in to my satisfaction—and to yours."

"The new man!" returned Fordyce carelessly; "oh, he'll come on all right. He's a chap out in my town; he's Birdsall, a young chap with Blakey-Simmons over here on the Lane. I guess you know him. He's all right, and I've been explaining to him about all there is to explain. He's smart, too. He's business from the word go."

"There are just a few of the details," said Kennedy, "that I wanted to show him about—that's all. I want to be sure that he understands all that there is to it, you know. . . . I—I've rented my new office, Mr. Fordyce."

"No, have you?" answered Fordyce; "where are you going to be?"

Kennedy hesitated. "I'm upstairs," he answered, "on the top floor. I found I could make better arrangements right here where they knew me."

"Well," returned Fordyce heartily, "that's first rate. Then I'll see you off and on more or less all the time. That's all right, Tommy."

"Yes," repeated Kennedy thoughtfully, "you will see me more—or less. That's true."

Kennedy married. He trained in Birdsall to his satisfaction and then installed himself in the new office on the sixteenth floor. From the very start he seemed to prosper. He was a born insurance man, was Thomas Kennedy.

In June, finding that Birdsall was making it go, Fordyce pulled up stakes for the summer and took his family to Europe. It was a foolish move. Old Jenkinson had been right. Fordyce ought to have stayed at home.

For when he came back in the early fall he found Birdsall pale and agitated and forlorn. Shortly after Fordyce had left Birdsall sent out a whole batch of expiration notices to fully one-third of the Fordyce clientèle. He had received no reply. He waited until it was no longer safe; then he called up his men by telephone.

"Say," he said to the first concern, "your Great American sixteen thousand runs out next week. I wrote you. Haven't heard from you. That ought to be covered right away."

"Hold on," said the man at the other end, "I'll find out." He did find out. "That matter," he said two minutes later, "is in the superintendent's hands. He's transferred the risk to the Universal Fire. At least, that's what he says."

"The deuce he has," returned Birdsall; "how's that? What did he do it for? Who's the Universal's agent?"

"Wait a minute till I find out. Here, now. The agent is Kennedy, Broadway Syndicate Building. Now you know all I know. Good-by."

"Kennedy, Broadway Syndicate," said Birdsall to himself, "our building. I can't see why they threw us down. Kennedy. Wonder who the deuce he is—Kennedy."

Suddenly he raised his hand high in the air and brought it down flat upon his desk.

"Suffering Moses!" he exclaimed, "it's our Kennedy, by George! How the deuce did he get them? Our Kennedy and no mistake."

When Fordyce reached his office early in the fall Birdsall had that to tell which caused Fordyce to break forth into useless oaths and to pace his office floor with livid face.

"Kennedy!" he exclaimed, "Kennedy! and the last man I'd ever think would do it. Kennedy!"

That afternoon he found his wife busy with the fall arrangement of the house.

"WE'VE GOT TO GET THE 10:20 OR BUST"

"Look here, Madge," he exclaimed hotly, "what do you think has happened? That scoundrel Kennedy has sold me out. Sold me out while I was away. Sold me out when I couldn't help myself."

Mrs. Fordyce looked blankly at her husband. "What—what do you mean?" she stammered.

"Mean—mean," cried Fordyce, "I mean that that dirty little scoundrel has stolen my business—the whole blamed thing almost. The business that it's taken me years to build—the business that Kennedy got his bread and butter out of." His voice rose almost to a shriek. "It's a steal, Madge," he yelled, "a dirty steal. And Kennedy has done it." He smote the air with sudden energy. "D—n Kennedy," he cried, "him and all his kind!"

Young Mrs. Fordyce came over to him and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Don't, *don't* swear, Benjamin," she protested gently. Fordyce calmed down at her touch, a little, but not much.

"You don't seem to understand, Madge," he explained, "just what I mean. Don't you see how serious it all is. Can't you understand? All these years Kennedy has been ingratiating himself with my customers—people that I thought I owned. It's—it's our living. It's the whole thing, don't you see. And Kennedy has simply opened up in the building—our building, right there, where he's always been; where I am; where my customers have been used to come—and he's stolen them, the scoundrel. It's a clear steal, Madge. It's more than a breach of trust—it's a dead steal and nothing else."

Was Fordyce right? Was it a steal? Kennedy's idea about it had been quite a different one.

He and perhaps the whole business world were arrayed stiffly on one side of this question—Fordyce, with a multitude of strange and useless oaths, was arrayed upon the other.

"But," insisted Mrs. Fordyce, "you can hustle out, Benjamin, and get these men back again. If Tommy Kennedy has won them by a trick, surely you can easily undo what he has done."

"That," returned Fordyce, "is what I'll try to do. It's what I've got to do. It's a mighty sight of infernal trouble—it's an Herculean task. Kennedy had no right to do this thing. Jenkinson, though, our star policy-holder, is still with us, and that's a godsend. But as for the rest, Kennedy had no right—he had no right."

The task, did Fordyce but know it, was more than Herculean—it was impossible. Fordyce had not seen the faces of many of his customers for several years; and the insurance of many of these concerns was now in the control of subordinates.

"Sorry this happened, Mr. Fordyce," said one of his profitable customers, "but nowadays we let our Mr. Taggart handle this insurance—he makes a bit out of it, I guess; the whole matter is in his hands and you'd better see him." It went against the grain for Fordyce to get down on his knees to these people. But he did it. He saw Taggart. Taggart was cordial, but firm. He preferred to leave the risk with Kennedy, and said so.

"Oh, go along," said another man to Fordyce, "you've had enough success. You ought to retire. Give the young fellow a chance. You're rich enough."

And so it went. "I'm holding that business, all right," said Tommy Kennedy to his young wife, "and why shouldn't I. Fordyce has made his pile. You ought to see his place up the road. He oughtn't to kick up a fuss about this thing."

Fordyce couldn't tell his customers that he wasn't rich—that his place was mortgaged; that he had been living up to his income from year to year. He couldn't do it; it was too late to tell them that. They never realized that Fordyce's bread and butter was being taken from his mouth. Nobody could look at Fordyce and think that. That seemed out of the question. Fordyce was proud—too proud. He was not the kind of a man to let people understand his predicament. He even nodded cordially to Kennedy; he preferred that Kennedy should not know that this had crippled him. But Fordyce was hard pressed and he knew it.

"We'll have to curtail expenses," he told his wife. "I've still got Jenkinson and the County Savings Bank and a few other good ones, but we've got to economize—that's all."

After that things happened in bewildering order. Fordyce found that when he had no money the demand for money met him at every hand.

Jenkinson was a fat, apoplectic, red-faced man. He had heart disease and didn't know it. He died—died suddenly and without warning. He died two months before the bulk of his policies expired. Thomas Kennedy knew Jenkinson's right-hand man and swooped down upon him in the nick of time—and got the business. Then he and his wife started on their belated wedding trip. It was a good one, too. Kennedy was bound it should be. He could afford a good one now.

One day Fordyce opened a letter from the County Savings Bank. More insurance, so he hoped. But he was mistaken.

> "Dear Sir," this letter ran, "we note that Interest on the mortgage held by us on your Morris County residence is six months in arrears. We assume you have overlooked it in the press of business. Kindly remit at early convenience, and oblige."

Fordyce gnashed his teeth. To be dunned—for the interest on his house; and by a customer, too. This was the limit! He pulled out his checkbook and drew a check. When he had signed it he turned over a leaf and looked at his balance.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. It was too small—that balance. He tore the check into bits. Too small—and in three days another six months' installment would be due.

His wife addressed him that evening in a hesitating voice. "Benjamin," she said, "there—there are some things that I *must* get to-morrow for the children. I—I have cut down everything I can. But I must have these things. I have done without just as long as I could."

Two minutes later Mrs. Fordyce was in tears, and Fordyce was bending over her trying to kiss away the sting of the hasty words that he had just uttered. For the first time in his life Fordyce had turned upon this woman who was always a beautiful young girl to him.

"And over money!" groaned Fordyce; "think of it!"

The end was not yet. A few nights later, Fordyce, with a white, haggard face, laid before his wife another letter.

"Look at it," he exclaimed hoarsely; "read it!"

It was from the Great American Insurance Company, indicating politely that Mr. Fordyce's business seemed to have fallen off; requesting him to state the cause, if any; suggesting

that he do better in the future. The letter also indicated that Thomas Kennedy, Esq., agent for this company and for that, had been able to turn into the Great American a large amount of business, and, beyond that, had applied for the position of General Agent for the City. The Great American assured Mr. Fordyce that it had no desire to make a change, but would like to discuss this matter with him when convenient.

"Read to the end," groaned Fordyce. Mrs. Fordyce obeyed. This is what she read:

> "We find, upon an examination of our books, that you have, presumably by inadvertence, neglected to send us check for a number of premiums collected. We state the amount of these due us from you at about the sum of $4377.61. We inclose account as made up by us. Kindly revise and return to us with corrections, if any, and with check for amount due, and oblige. We assume, of course, that you have overlooked it."

"Do you know what that means?" shrieked Fordyce. "It means States Prison, Madge, and nothing less."

His wife looked at him in a startled, yet incredulous, way. "States Prison," she echoed faintly; "how can it? How can it, Benjamin? What wrong have you done?"

Fordyce laughed wildly. "You don't understand," he said. "Wrong? None, morally, perhaps. Except that when premiums came in Kennedy deposited them in my private account, and I've used them up—almost without thinking. That's all. The money belonged to the Great American. I used it. I can't pay it back. The law puts an ugly name on that sort of thing."

"Why," asked Mrs. Fordyce, growing paler, "why didn't Tom Kennedy tell you about it as you went along?"

Fordyce answered in a voice half-petulant, half-hopeless, "Oh, he did. He did. I found his weekly statements to-day just where I'd put them when he gave them to me from time to time. I had O. K.'d all of them. I had forgotten them. I needed the money and I used it, trusting to luck and to the business for more. I can't get more. I can't pay this back. But, by George, Kennedy's responsible for this thing, and I'll get even with him." He sank into a chair. "States Prison," he exclaimed fitfully, "that's what it means—States Prison."

He would eat no dinner that night. He ate no breakfast in the morning. In the meantime he had not slept a wink.

He met Tommy Kennedy next morning in the elevator. Tommy had just returned from his wedding trip and looked as fit as a fiddle.

Fordyce wished him good-morning. Tommy returned the greeting stiffly—stiffly, because he could not take his eyes from the white, shocked, haggard face of Fordyce.

When Tommy reached his office the Great American was ringing him up.

"Come down here, will you?" they 'phoned; "we want to see you."

He went. "It's not about you," they said, "but we want to know something about Fordyce. We've heard some ugly rumors about his financial condition. He's into us for about five thousand, more or less, and we wanted to find out what you knew, that's all."

Tommy stared. "Why, he—he's as good as gold," he answered, "so far as I know. What have you heard?"

They told him. It wasn't much. But it was enough. Straws are the surest things to indicate the direction of the wind.

With a much-troubled countenance Kennedy went back.

. . . . . .

It was half-past eight on Monday evening. The electric bell at Fordyce's house rang sharply, startling Fordyce out of his senses almost. Fordyce was almost a nervous wreck.

He answered the bell himself; threw open the outside door and peered into the darkness. Then he started back.

For there upon the threshold, with the light from the hall upon their faces, stood—Thomas Kennedy. Thomas Kennedy and his wife. Kennedy stepped forward and held out his hand. Fordyce mechanically took it.

"Back from our trip," said Kennedy, "and making a few calls. We just ran over on the local. I wanted to see you on business and we both wanted to see you on pleasure—you and Mrs. Fordyce. So we came. And here we are."

A minute later Mrs. Fordyce was entertaining Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, while the two men were closeted in the den upstairs. Mrs. Fordyce was merely cordial. Her visitor seemed unaware of the coolness present in the atmosphere. She plunged into a description of her recent trip. It had been a journey that was nothing if not elaborate. Mrs. Fordyce simply listened. She noted bitterly that the other woman was dressed tastefully in the very latest and richest manner. But she noted something else, and she could not help it. She noticed that Mrs. Thomas Kennedy was a woman of the real kind. Mrs. Thomas Kennedy was attractive. Mrs. Fordyce felt drawn irresistibly toward her. She acknowledged to herself, besides, that Thomas Kennedy had made no mistake in marrying this girl, and that she had made no mistake in marrying him. Gradually the frigidity in Mrs. Fordyce's manner wore off. Time passed. Suddenly the two women, who had been wrapped up in their own affairs, were startled by the appearance of Fordyce and young Kennedy. They had been shut up in the den for an hour and a half. The interview was over.

Kennedy took out his watch. "By George!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Mrs. Fordyce, I owe you a thousand apologies for staying upstairs so long. We can't stay a minute longer. We've got to get the 10:20 or bust. It's the last train to-night, and we've just got time to make it."

He held out his hand to Mrs. Fordyce and then to her husband. Mrs. Fordyce, obeying a sudden impulse, stooped down over young Mrs. Kennedy.

"I'm going to kiss you, if you don't mind," she said. Then she laughed. "I don't know why," she added, "but I just am." Then she kissed her.

The door shut finally. Fordyce turned to his wife. They were alone.

"It's all right, Madge," he exclaimed; "Kennedy came over here to-night to get me to take him into partnership."

"To get *you* to take *him* into partnership," she gasped.

"Exactly," returned her husband. "It's all right. We're to throw the businesses together. The firm will be Fordyce & Kennedy. So it's all right, you see."

He caught her in his arms and waltzed her about the room.

"Have you got anything to eat?" he finally exclaimed. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"I'll tell you what," he said confidently, later, over some crackers and cheese—"I'll tell you what, Madge. You can't lose an established business or an established business man. Kennedy had to come back to me. He simply *had* to."

Fordyce knew that this was not so. He knew that Mrs. Fordyce knew it was not so. But the old pride struggled for utterance. He had to let himself down easily.

Later, when he went to put the light out in his den, he glanced at his reflection in the mirror. Suddenly he shook his fist at his likeness in the glass.

"You confounded idiot," he exclaimed to his counterfeit presentment, "you didn't deserve this and you know it. Now you've got to knuckle down, and work, work—work!"

Benjamin G. Fordyce had found himself again.

Mrs. Fordyce sat by a window in the bedroom and looked out upon the night.

"It was Tommy Kennedy's wife," she whispered to herself; "she made him do it. I'm glad—so glad I kissed her."

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

CIRCUS PEOPLE

"WELL, YOU CAN'T JOIN ON ALONE"

A BIG circus is not unlike some irregular sort of planet. Only, instead of having a fixed orbit to swing in, it rolls zigzaggingly about over the surface of our blinking, lethargic earth. Thus circus people belong half to this planet and half to their own. And from early May to the end of October many of them may be said never to stray from the one of their adoption. They do not deviate from the shortest route between cars and grounds; and, once on the lot, they do not leave it till they go back to the cars again.

The great four-hundred-foot saucer rim between race-course and roof-canvas fills twice a day with its ten or fifteen thousand. This is the public—the "yaps"—part of the necessary scenic arrangement of things. They matter in so much as they may be "hot" or "dead," "lightning on the laugh" or "loggy till you want to commit suicide." Even in that four-hundred-foot amphitheatre the performers are not "on" for a minute until they know them for what they are; and they play to the "dead ones" even as they deserve. But other than in its character of that many-eyed monster, the audience, the world outside is of no consequence at all. The fifty raw supers whom the manager of the "grand spectacular" daily selects from among the town boys, and puts into the garb of Roman legionaries, are the distinguished citizens of that town. "What burg is this, anyhow?" asks the Human Pincushion of Cyclo, the Death-Defying, as they drill it (walk) to the sleepers at night. "Shake out *my* clothes for it!" replies the Kinetic Demon—"We're in Pennsylvania, somewhere, ain't we?"

They have their own planet. And, to a great extent, they have their own language. If, some afternoon between four and six, you, the alien, have slipped into the "big top," and do not want to be thrust forth again until you have seen a little of the rehearsing, you may be so dishonest as to tell the "prop" man in charge that you "belong to the circus." Oh, no you don't! Not in a thousand years! You to the woods! But if from the corner of your mouth you had dropped a laconic "with the show," he might have passed you.

So much for phraseology. Of single show words there are a-plenty. In those moments when you are doing flip-flaps in the ring, or driving in the "Roman standing," or sitting on exhibition on the freak-stand, you are "working." If a substitute has your place, he is "stalling" for you. If you are dismissed, you are "jacked up." A press agent dispenses nothing but "hot air"; a twelve-pound electro, even, is "hot air." The "kid show"—side show—lecturers are "spielers" and "blowers." The lecturer inside is a "bally-hoo man." Peanuts and lemonade are "red hots and juice." If a thing is good, it is "hot"; if it is better, it is "off the mustard." If some one has stolen your diamond stud, he has "trimmed you for a headlight." If you are an absent-minded man who leaves his change on the sill of the ticket-wagon, you are a "walk-away." If you get out hastily, you "duck." The expression, "main guy," comes direct from the circus and needs no explanation.

"BLYMEE IF I EVEH FOLLOW ANOTHEH SHOW W'ILE I LIVE!"

"Outsiders think they have a right to look down on us," said a good-natured "grimaldi" one day; "and I guess we feel we're about right in looking down on them." At any rate, the outsider is not encouraged. The young woman who wants to join a circus meets with the closed door. "Is your father or brother in the show? Or are you married to one of our men? 'No?' Well, you can't join on alone." If, however, it is a question of a circus-struck youth, and room might possibly be made for him, he is gravely informed that though he *would* doubtless look extremely well in crimson-silk

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers by Mr. McFarlane on the life and organization of a great circus. The next will appear in an early number.

tights on the high trapeze, all circus people have to begin by clowning; and he is turned over to Slivers and Co., of that ilk. He is to be one of those "funny, foolish, fantastic frolicsome fellows." They dress him up as the most hideous of "pantaloons," his face and hands are larded with zinc white, and streaked with red and black till he looks like the immortal king's camelopard, and the brush is wiped carelessly into his mouth whenever he is unwise enough to open it. Then he is run into the ring. For him, it is a very Gehenna. He goes through fifteen uninterrupted minutes of kicks, rollings, slap-stick belaborings; he is shoved through barrels, cart wheeled over tables, swung between heaven and earth in acts of demoniacal ingenuity. Then, having been revived by the soda siphon, he is run out again, and told that this first "stunt" is, of course, rather easy, but that the other six may try him a trifle in the beginning. In the majority of cases he is already trying to estimate how many hundred million dollars would induce him to stay in the circus business for even the second of those "stunts." If so, the "funny, foolish, frolicsome, fantastic fellows" puff themselves up with feelings of virtue till they are like the Human Balloon himself. If, however, the victim still has grit, his next hazing is a milder one. And so by degrees his initiation becomes an assimilation. But it is a life of hard knocks, and the newcomer must be made to realize that from the commencement.

It is dangerous, too, beyond the conception of a much too skeptical public. The nearest approximation circus performers can get to the protection of life insurance is a kind of mutual benefit organization among themselves. In the "flat races" there is precious little hippodroming. The jockeys bet on themselves, they race for all there is in it, and the chances they run are much greater than those of the regular track. You may have noticed that the lady riders go around the ring in the opposite direction: that is because there would be every likelihood of their knocking their brains out against the quarter poles if they had to swing inward instead of outward from the side-saddle. When it comes to chariot-racing, given a good soft country lot, well cut up by several score ten-ton circus wagons, and you have a course well calculated to make the charioteer "make a little prayer to Himmel" when he trundles on to it. And, too, if a driver is green, he may make his turn a second or so too soon and throw his whole quadriga on top of the man ahead. As for the new "loop-the-loop" and "perpendicular" bicycling acts, if you are of opinion that the risk in them is greatly exaggerated, keep your eyes on the faces of the other performers as they themselves watch such "business" from the stage entrance. "He'll be killed some day," they say. But they would consider their fellow very ill used if the management refused to let him go on with his act. "You see," they tell you, "before he *does* get his finish he may be able to make his pile and quit off for keeps."

The tumbling acts are also dangerous enough. Almost all the "under-standers"—those who catch the others on their shoulders—have the "big ear," which means they are lucky to have any such appurtenances left on their heads at all. For a performer to come limping back to the dressing-room causes no great surprise, although it always brings forth a great deal of brotherly sympathy. Few tumblers would think for a moment of going to a surgeon with a dislocated thumb or finger. They shut their teeth, their mates pull them back in for them, and bind them into stiffness with adhesive tape.

One day we were watching one of the children of the circus being taught a new act. We knew the youngster well enough to like him immensely. He was a stocky little Dutchman, and we had often seen him doing mat practice by the hour along with a very diminutive Scotchman, a small, seraph-eyed Neapolitan, and an expressionless mite of a Jap. On this occasion the little Dutchman, harnessed in the "mechanic" (slings from above to prevent the novice falling), was throwing somersaults and pirouettes from the shoulders of one big brother to the shoulders of another. He was "working" well, and his success elated him more and more, until, growing too cocksure, he varied his start just the slightest degree and made a fluke. The under-stander awaiting him turned a sort of green, then caught the midget and cuffed him well.

Now we happened to know that the modern circus child, in all English and American shows of any reputation, is trained not by blows but by kindness. And, though this was not a hard blow, and indeed did not somehow seem to have been given in anger at all, *because* it was the only one we had seen administered during weeks, it puzzled us. We asked a phlegmatic, big, German "ground" man, who had also been assisting, just what reason there was for it. "Ach, he haf ton what would haf preak his back, midout the meganique," he explained. The cuffs were exactly of the same sort that the gasping mother deals out to little Willie when he has tried to precipitate himself under the trolley-fender. And that circus child would be kept in the "meganique" until ready to abandon all jaunty experiments forever.

It is the lofty tumbling, the aerial work, which is most dangerous, however. Yet in this the difficulty of many of the feats surpasses even the danger in them. Of that we learned something from the Clarke brothers, to whom their fellows of the dressing-room, with characteristic generosity, introduced us as the top-notchers of the profession. They are three quiet, bookish young Englishmen who represent the fifth generation in a show family. They cannot remember when they were not riding bareback and using the flying-rings. But they can very vividly remember the amount of work which was necessary to bring to perfection one single, and seemingly simple, evolution.

Try first to realize what working in the air means. How many swimmers, say, ever become expert enough to turn a "one-and-a-half" or a "cart-wheel" in the water? Yet as compared with that of water, the air has practically no density whatever. You can get no leverage upon it with any finlike arm or leg. Your position in it can be changed materially only by a movement of the whole body so sudden and powerful as to amount almost to a convulsion. And whatever movement you attempt, you must reckon with the constant and tremendous downward pull of gravity.

Now one of the most familiar trapeze acts is for the "leaper" to turn a half-somersault as he leaves the flying-bar, and then catch, hook and hook, the hands of the other as he does the pendulum "by the hocks" from the opposite swing. By much practice the half-somersault can be made a complete one. But as the whole thing must be done in from five-eighths to three-quarters of a second, this means a very great deal. Well, two of the Clarke boys one day began to make experiments to see if the single somersault could be made a double one. They succeeded after two years of almost daily practicing. Yet this was not enough. Ernest, the "leaper," wished to see if he could not add a "twister" (a half revolution of the body while upright in the air) before reaching Charlie's—the catcher's—hands. By the end of the third year he had got the "twister," though only into the net. After another six months he could touch the awaiting fingers. It took still another year after that again to perfect the act. In all, about the same time was necessary as is requisite for a full course of law or medicine!

Yet even now if they were to go three days without practicing they would not be able to do it on the fourth. It is more than doubtful whether they could do it in the morning hours: almost all keen-set trapeze men are heavy until the afternoon, and only in the gas-light are they at their best! Of such delicacy of mechanism, too, are such acts as the above that the least tightening of the swings upon a damp day is sufficient to put that day's act out of kilter. If either leaper or catcher were to put on heavier tights than usual, that also would throw them out! If some one passes on the track just as the leap is made, that leap will in all probability be made in vain. It is one of the critical moments when the band must stop playing. In that instant two rigid bodies have become most elaborate steel springs: and—*pace* the anatomists—the pulpy gray matter within those leaping brains has become all sinew! Yes, and not only is there now necessary a rapidity of evolution compared with which the hands of a boxer and the fingers of a pianist scarcely move at all, but there is even more essential the exactness and absolute uniformity of calculation of a fine mathematical instrument. A human aerialist of the highest class is able to swing to the fifth of an inch, and that within the tenth of a second! At any time, by following two successive performances with a stop-watch, you can verify at least the latter of these statements. But indeed, unless both were so, after those two somersaults and a "twister" wholly completed in less than a second, how, think you, those two pairs of blind, out-clutching hands could ever hope to meet?

One writes less willingly of the dangerous side of such acts. The first lessons given the beginner are in the art of falling. And it is, in a way, almost as hard for an old aerialist to fall and not light in a way to save himself, as it would be for your expert swimmer to commit suicide by drowning. He comes down right by ingrained, automatic instinct. His only fear is lest his neck be imperiled by the carelessness of some one else. His particular horror is of an untrained "prop" man getting under the net just when he is "on the drop."

And, even outside of such chances as that, let no one believe that to fall into the net means safety. A brilliant trapeze man can dive head-first down to the hemp from the main-top, and not throw himself on his back until he feels his hair touch. But if he lit unprepared, even on his feet, he would, to use a circus phrase, "twist himself into a doughnut." If you light on the top of your head it's all over with you, and to light upon your forehead is even worse; the head snaps back, while the whole weight of the body drives straight on down. Not long ago a young Jap—a very clever fellow in the slack-wire and ladder-balancing business of his own country—resolved to go into aerial work. He was warned again and again by the older men in it, for his every movement showed that he was without that peculiar, internal equilibrium which alone keeps the high-trapeze performer safe. He was killed by a fall to the net almost the first time he tried to do a leaping act. And he had not left the flying-bar before the too-skilled eyes of the other men told them what was coming.

Crueler than that, even, an old trapeze man is almost always instantly aware of it the moment he has doomed himself. Last year during a performance in Paris, a succession of grimacing clowns, urbane "evening dressers," and jumpers in silk were doing the big tumbling leap over the line of elephants. One of the best men in that act evidently had let his mind wander as he ran out on the spring-board. To the audience he left it exactly as did his fellows. To *them*, however, on the instant certain facts were sickeningly plain. He had started out to do

(*Concluded on Page 23*)

HE IS TO BE ONE OF THOSE "FUNNY, FOOLISH, FANTASTIC, FROLICSOME FELLOWS"

THE CIRCUS WIVES WHO DO FANCYWORK TOGETHER IN THE SHADE OF THE WARDROBE TENT

HE WAS STANDING AT THE TABLE WITH THE PARAPHERNALIA OF A BOOK AGENT SPREAD UPON IT

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

X

WHEN Pierson, laggard as usual, returned to Battle Field a week after the end of the long vacation, he found Scarborough just establishing himself. He had taken two small and severely plain rooms in a quaint old frame cottage, one story high, but perched importantly upon a bank at the intersection of two much-traveled streets.

"What luck?" asked Pierson, lounging in on him.

"A hundred days' campaign; a thousand dollars net," replied the book agent. "And I'm hard as oak from tramping those roads, and I've learned—you ought to have been along, Pierson. I know people as I never could have come to know them by any other means—what they think, what they want, how they can be reached."

There was still much of the boy in Pierson's face. But Scarborough looked the man, developed, ready.

Pierson wandered into the bedroom to complete his survey. "I see you're going to live by the clock," he called out presently. He had found, pasted to the wall, Scarborough's schedule of the daily division of his time; just above it, upon a shelf, was a new alarm clock, the bell so big that it overhung like a canopy. "You don't mean you're going to get up at four?"

"Every morning—all winter," replied Scarborough without stopping his unpacking. "You see, I'm going to finish this year—take the two years in one. Then I've registered in a law office—Judge Holcombe's. And there's my speaking—I must practice that every day."

Pierson came back to the sitting-room and collapsed into a chair. "I see you allow yourself five hours for sleep," he said. "It's too much, old man. You're self-indulgent."

"That's a mistake," replied Scarborough. "Since making out the schedule I've decided to cut sleep down to four hours and a half."

"That's more like it!"

"We all sleep too much," he continued. "And as I sha'n't smoke, or drink, or worry, I'll need even less than the average man. I'm going to do nothing but work. A man doesn't need much rest from mere work."

"What! No play?"

"Play all the time. I've simply changed my playthings."

Pierson seated himself on the table and stared gloomily at his friend. "Look here, old man. For Heaven's sake, don't let Olivia find out about this program."

But Olivia did hear of it, and Pierson was compelled to leave his luxury in the main street and to take the two remaining available rooms at Scarborough's place. His bed was against the wall of Scarborough's bedroom—the wall where the alarm clock was. At four o'clock on his first morning he started from a profound sleep. "My bed must be moved into my sitting-room to-day," he said to himself as soon as the clamor of "Scarborough's gong" died away and he could collect his thoughts. But at four o'clock the next morning the gong penetrated the two walls as if they had not been there. "I see my finish," he groaned, sitting up and tearing at his hair.

He tried to sleep again, but the joint pressure of Olivia's memory-mirrored gray eyes and of disordered nerves from the racking gong forced him to make an effort to bestir himself. Groaning and muttering, he rose and in the starlight looked from his window. Scarborough was going up the deserted street on his way to the woods for his morning exercise. His head was thrown back and his chest expanded, and his long legs were covering four feet at a stride. "You old devil!" said Pierson, his tone suggesting admiration and affection rather than anger. "But I'll outwit you!"

By a subterfuge in which a sympathetic doctor was the main factor, he had himself permanently excused from chapel. Then he said to Scarborough: "You get up too late, old man. My grandfather used to say that only a drone lies abed after two in the morning, wasting the best part of the day. You ought to turn in, say, at half-past nine and rise in time to get your hardest work out of the way before the college day begins."

"That sounds reasonable," replied Scarborough, after a moment's consideration. "I'll try it."

And so it came to pass that Pierson went to bed at the sound of Scarborough's two o'clock rising gong and pieced out his sleep with an occasional nap in recitations and lectures and for an hour or two late in the afternoon. He was able once more to play poker as late as he liked, and often had time for reading before the gong sounded. And Scarborough was equally delighted with the new plan. "I gain at least one hour a day, perhaps two," he said. "Your grandfather was a wise man."

Toward spring, Mills, Western manager of the publishing house for which Scarborough had sold Peaks of Progress through Michigan, came to Battle Field to see him. "You were far and away the best man we had out last year," said he. "You're a born book-agent."

"Thank you," said Scarborough sincerely. He appreciated that a man can pay no higher compliment than to say that another is master of his own occupation.

"We got about fifty orders from people who thought it over after you'd tried to land them and failed—that shows the impression you made. And you sold as many books as our best agent in our best field."

"I'll never go as agent again," said Scarborough. "The experience was invaluable—but sufficient."

"We don't want you to go as agent. Our proposition is for much easier and more dignified work."

At the word "dignified" Scarborough could not restrain a smile. "I've practically made my plans for the summer," he said.

"I think we've got something worth your while, Mr Scarborough. Our idea is for you to select about a hundred of the young fellows who're working their way through here, and train them in your methods of approaching people. Then you'll take them to Wisconsin and Minnesota and send them out, each man to a district you select for him. In that way you'll help a hundred young men to earn a year at college, and you'll make a good sum for yourself—two or three times what you made last summer."

Scarborough had intended to get admitted to the bar in June, to spend the summer at an apprenticeship in a law office and to set up for himself in the fall. But this plan was most attractive—it would give him a new kind of experience and would put him in funds for the wait for clients. The next day he signed an advantageous contract—his expenses for the summer and a guarantee of not less than three thousand dollars clear.

He selected a hundred young men and twelve young women, the most intelligent of the five hundred self-supporting students at Battle Field. Pierson, having promised to behave himself, was permitted to attend the first lesson. The scholars at the Scarborough School for Book Agents filled his quarters and overflowed in swarms without the windows and the door. The weather was still cool; but all must hear, and the rooms would hold barely half the brigade.

"I assume that you've read the book," began Scarborough. He was standing at the table with the paraphernalia of a book agent spread upon it. "But you must read it again and again, until you know what's on every page, until you have by heart the passages I'll point out to you." He looked at Drexel—a Freshman of twenty-two, with earnest, sleepless eyes and a lofty forehead; in the past winter he had become acquainted with hunger and with that cold which creeps into the room, crawls through the thin covers and closes in, icy as death, about the heart. "What do you think of the book, Drexel?"

The young man—he is high in the National Administration to-day—flushed and looked uneasy.

"Speak frankly. I want your candid opinion."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Scarborough, I think it's pretty bad."

"Thank you," said Scarborough; and he glanced round. "Does anybody disagree with Mr. Drexel?"

There was not a murmur. Pierson covered his face to hide his smile at this "jolt" for his friend. In the group round one of the windows a laugh started and spread everywhere except to seven of the twelve young women and to those near Scarborough—*they* looked frightened.

"I expected Mr. Drexel's answer," began Scarborough. "Before you can sell Peaks of Progress each of you must be convinced that it's a book he himself would buy. And I see you've not even read it. You've at most glanced at it with unfriendly eyes. This book is not literature, gentlemen. It is a storehouse of facts. It is an educational work so simply written and so brilliantly illustrated that the very children will hang over its pages with delight. If you attend to your training in our coming three months of preliminary work you'll find during the summer that the book's power to attract the children is its strongest point. I made nearly half my sales last summer by turning from the parents to the children and stirring their interest."

Pierson was now no more inclined to smile than were the pupils.

"When I started out," continued Scarborough, "I, too, had just glanced at the book and had learned a few facts from the prospectus. And I failed to sell, except to an occasional fool whom I was able to overpower. Every one instinctively felt the estimate I myself placed upon my goods. But as I went on the book gradually forced itself upon me. And, long before the summer was over, I felt that I was an ambassador of education to those eager people. And I'm proud that I sold as many books as I did. Each book, I know, is a radiating centre of pleasure, of thought, of aspiration to higher things. No, ladies and gentlemen, you must first learn that these eight hundred pages crowded with facts of history, these six hundred illustrations taken from the best sources and flooding the text with light, together constitute a work that should be in all humble households."

Scarborough had his audience with him now. "Never sneer," he said in conclusion. "Sneering will accomplish nothing. Learn your business. Put yourself, your *best* self, into it. And then you may hope to succeed at it."

He divided them into six classes of about twenty each and dismissed them, asking the first class to come at three the next afternoon. The young men and young women went thoughtfully away; they were revolving their initial lesson in the cardinal principle of success—enthusiasm. When the two friends were alone Pierson said: "Do you know, I'm beginning to get a glimpse of you. And I see there isn't anything beyond your reach. You'll get whatever you want."

Scarborough's reply was a sudden look of dejection, an impatient shrug. Then he straightened himself, lifted his head with a lionlike toss that shook back the obstinate lock of hair from his forehead. He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Yes," he said, "because I'm determined to want whatever I get. Good fortune and bad—everything shall be grist for *this* mill."

Pierson attended next day's class and afterward went to Olivia with an account of it. "You ought to have seen him put those fellows through, one at a time. I tell you, he'll teach them more in the next three months than they'll learn of the whole faculty. And this summer he'll get every man and woman of them enough to pay their way through college next year."

"I SEE MY FINISH," HE GROANED

"What did he do to-day?" asked Olivia. Of the many qualities she loved in Pierson, the one she loved most was his unbounded, unselfish enthusiasm for his friend.

"He took each man separately, the others watching and listening. First he'd play the part of book agent with his pupil as a reluctant customer. Then he'd reverse, and the pupil as agent would try to sell him the book, he pretending to be an ignorant, obstinate, ill-natured, close-fisted farmer or farmer's wife. It was a liberal education in the art of persuasion. If his pupils had his brains and his personality, Peaks of Progress would be on the centre-table in half the farm parlors of Wisconsin and Minnesota by September."

"*If* they had his personality, and *if* they had his brains," said Olivia.

"Well, as it is, he'll make the dumbest ass in the lot bray to some purpose."

And Pierson did not overstate the event. In September, when Scarborough closed his headquarters at Milwaukee and set out for Indianapolis, he found that the average earnings of his agents were two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and that he himself had made forty-three hundred. Mills came to him in Indianapolis and offered him a place in the publishing house at ten thousand a year and a commission. He instantly rejected it.

"But there's no hurry about deciding," said Mills. "Remember—we'll make you rich in a few years."

"My road happens not to lie in that direction," replied Scarborough carelessly. "I've no desire to be rich. It's too easy, if one will consent to give money-making his exclusive attention."

Mills looked amused—if he had not known Scarborough's ability he would have felt derisive. "Money's power," he said. "And there are only two ambitions for a wide-awake man—money and power."

"Money can't buy the kind of power I'd care for," answered Scarborough. "If I were to seek power, it'd be the power that comes through ability to persuade."

"Money talks," said Mills, laughing.

"Money bellows," retorted Scarborough, "and browbeats, like the bully and coward that it is. But it never persuades."

"I'll admit it's a coward."

"And I hope I can always frighten enough of it into my service to satisfy my needs. But I'm not spending my life in *its* service—no, thank you!"

XI

PAULINE began to find Dumont out on their honeymoon trip—in their second week at Paris. But not until their baby was two years old did it become impossible for her to deny that her father had been absolutely right. This tragedy of idol-ruin came gradually. There was no shock after the discovery of the beginnings of disintegration—just a day by day, week by week crumbling until the pedestal was tenantless and unvisited. Long before the very end she saw that John Dumont could no more be or become the man she had thought she was marrying than she could be or become a woman he would feel at home with—but would never dream of marrying.

While the domestic gods were leaving they lived in a big house in Sixty-first Street, New York City, near the Avenue. The son had prospered and expanded, rapidly surpassing his father, and had begun to centre his financial interests in the financial capital of the country. And they continued to live there when the pedestal was vacant, when all the domestic gods had fled—except that patient and tenacious one called "Appearances," the peculiar patron of homes where the ashes are cold upon the hearth. After they found their living basis of "let alone" they got on smoothly, rarely meeting except in the presence of servants or guests, never inquiring either into the other's life, carrying on all negotiations about money and other household matters through their secretaries. He thought her cold—therefore absolutely to be trusted. And what other man with the pomp and circumstance of a great and growing fortune to maintain had so admirable an instrument? "An ideal wife," he often said to himself. And he was not the man to speculate as to what was going on in her head. He had no interest in what others thought of him; how they were filling the places he had assigned them—that was his only concern.

In one of those days of pause that come now and then in the busiest lives she chanced upon the letters he had written her from Europe in her winter at Battle Field. She took one of them from its envelope and began to read—carelessly, for she had only a languid curiosity to measure thus exactly the change in herself. But soon she was absorbed, her mind groping through letter after letter for the clew to a mystery. The Dumont she now knew stood out so plainly in those letters that she could not understand how she, inexperienced and infatuated though she then was, had failed to see the perfect full-length portrait. How had she been able to read romance and high-mindedness and intellect into the personality there so frankly flaunting itself in all its narrow sordidness?

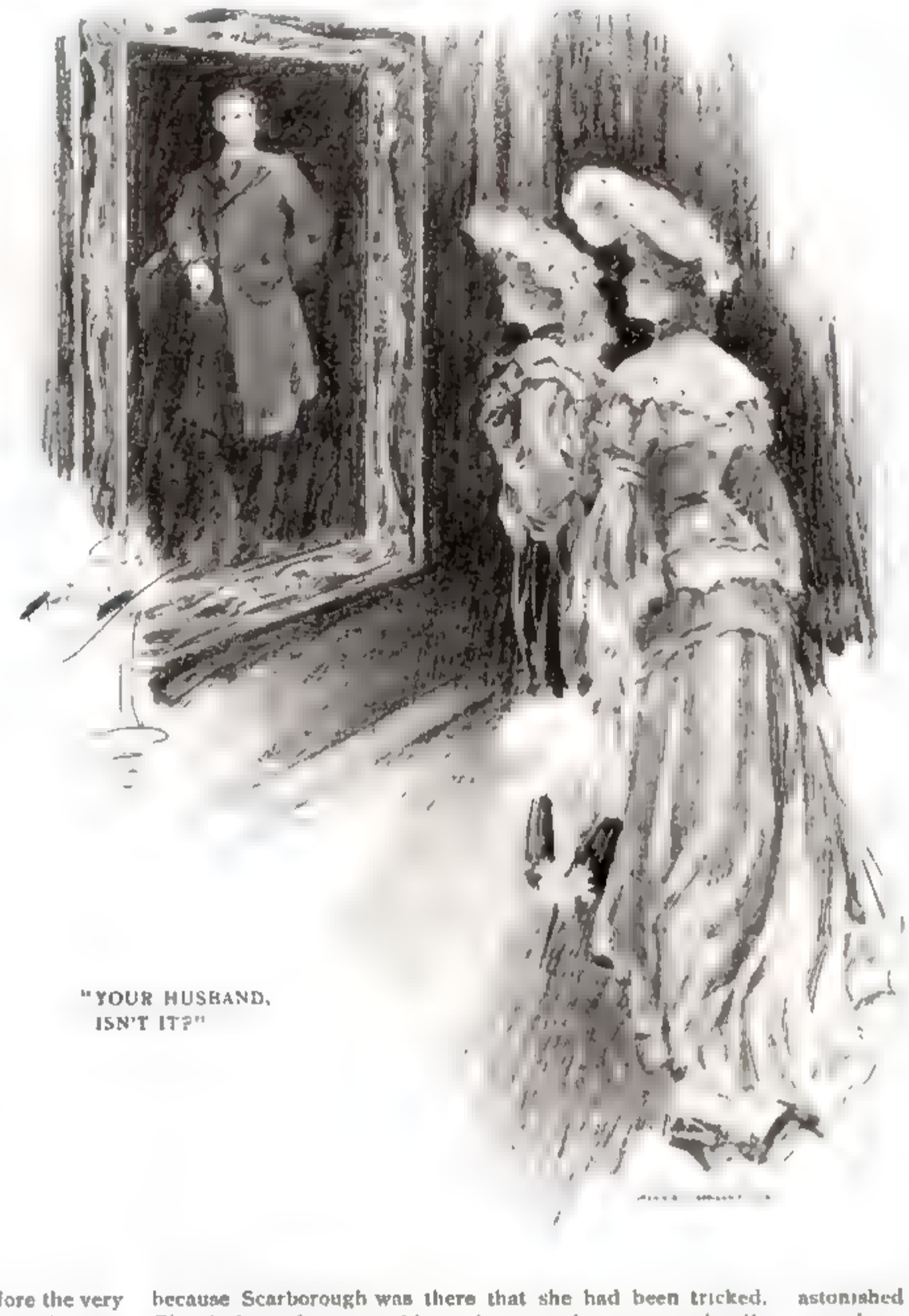
"And here was Hampden Scarborough to contrast him with——" With this thought the truth suddenly stared at her, made her drop the letter and visibly shrink. It was just because Scarborough was there that she had been tricked. The slight surface resemblance between the two men, hardly more than the "favor" found in all men of the family of strong and tenacious will, had led her on to deck the absent Dumont with the manhood of the present Scarborough. She had read Scarborough into Dumont's letters. Yes, and it was to Scarborough that she had written the answers she had addressed and mailed to Dumont.

She tossed the letters back into the box from which they had reappeared after four years. She seated herself on the big white bear-skin before the log fire; and with hands clasped upon her knees she rocked herself slowly to and fro like one trying to ease an intolerable pain.

Until custom dulled the edge of that pain the days and the nights were the cruelest in her apprenticeship up to that time.

When her boy, Gardiner, was five years old, she got her father and mother to keep him at Saint X with them—"New York's no place, I think, to bring up and educate a boy in the right way," she explained. And it was the truth, though not the whole truth. The concealed part was that she would have made an open break with her husband had there been no other way of safeguarding their all-seeing, all-noting boy from his example.

Before Gardiner went to live with his grandparents she stayed in the East, making four or five brief visits "home" each year. After he went she began to divide her year between her pleasure as a mother and her obligation to her son's father, to her parents' son-in-law—her devotions at the shrine of Appearances.



"YOUR HUSBAND, ISN'T IT?"

It was in the fall of the year she was twenty-five—eight years and a half after she left Battle Field—that Hampden Scarborough reappeared upon the surface of her life.

On a September afternoon in that year Olivia, descending from the train at Saint X, was almost as much embarrassed as pleased by her changed young cousin rushing at her with great energy—"Dear, dear Olivia! And hardly any different—how's the baby? No—not Fred, but Fred Junior, I mean. In some ways you positively look younger. You know, you were *so* serious at college!"

"But you—I don't quite understand how any one can be so changed, yet—recognizable. I guess it's the plumage. You're in a new edition—an *edition de luxe*."

Pauline's dressmakers were now bringing out the full value of her height and slender, graceful strength. Her eyes, brilliant as ever, and full of the same old frankness, courage and hope, now had the look of experience in them. She was wearing her hair so that it fell from her brow in two sweeping curves reflecting the light in sparkles and flashes. Her manner was still simple and genuine—the simplicity and genuineness of worldly experience now, not of innocence. Extremes meet—but they remain extremes. Her "plumage" was a fashionable dress of pale blue cloth, a big beplumed hat to match, a chiffon parasol like an azure cloud, at her throat a diamond and pearl pendant, about her neck and swinging far below her waist a chain of sapphires.

"And the plumage just suits her," thought Olivia. For it seemed to her that her cousin now had more than ever the quality she most admired—the quality of individuality, of distinction. Even in her way of looking clean and fresh she was different, as if those prime feminine essentials were in her not matters of frequent reacquirement but inherent and inalienable, like her brilliance of eyes and smoothness of skin.

Olivia felt a slight tugging at the bag she was carrying. She looked—an English groom in handsome livery was touching his hat in respectful appeal to her to let go. "Give Albert your checks, too," said Pauline, putting her arm round her cousin's waist to escort her down the platform. At the entrance, with a small crowd gaping at it, was a phaeton-victoria lined with some cream-colored stuff like silk, the horses and liveried coachman rigid. "She's giving Saint X a good deal to talk about," thought Olivia.

"Home, please, by the long road," said Pauline to "Albert," and he sprang to the box beside the coachman, and they were instantly in rapid motion. "That'll let us twenty minutes more together," she went on to Olivia. "There are several people at the house—Mr. Dumont's friends."

The way led through Munroe Avenue, the main street of Saint X. Olivia was astonished at the changes—the town of eight years before spread and remade into an energetic city of twenty-five thousand. "Fred told me I'd hardly recognize it," said she, "but I didn't expect this. It's another proof how far-sighted Hampden Scarborough is. Everybody advised him against coming here, but he would come. And the town has grown, and at the same time he's had a clear field to make a big reputation as a lawyer in a few years, not to speak of the power he's got in politics."

"But wouldn't he have won no matter where he was?" said Pauline.

"Sooner or later—but not so soon," replied Olivia.

"No—a tree doesn't have to grow so tall among a lot of bushes before it's noticed as it does in a forest."

"And you've never seen him since Battle Field?"

"But," replied Pauline, "I've never been here longer than a few days until this summer. And he's been in Europe since April. No," she went on, "I've not seen a soul from Battle Field. It's been like a painting, finished and hanging on the wall, one looks toward oftenest and influencing one's life every day."

They talked on of Battle Field, of the boys and girls they had known—how Thiebaud was dead and Mollie Crittenden had married the man who was Governor of California; what Howe was not doing, the novels Chamberlayne was writing; the big women's college in Kansas that Grace Wharton was vice-president of. Then of Pierson—in the State Senate and in a fair way to get to Congress the next year. Then Scarborough again—how he had distanced all the others,

(Continued on Page 24)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶In holding Manchuria, Russia has a Pacific object.

¶Uneasy rests the heiress' head until it wears a crown.

¶The idler is the only man who has no business in the world.

¶A good many political platforms seem to have exits as well as issues

¶Sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care, but it doesn't sew on buttons

¶The tenderest wife sometimes wonders how she would look in a widow's weeds.

¶Naturally, when religion is used as a cloak it is cut according to fashion's latest model.

¶Mistakes will happen. In fact so many happen it should not be necessary to make any.

¶It's yet to be explained why the man who buys very wet blocks of stock laughs at Reuben blowing out the gas.

¶Some people cannot place their whole trust in religion because the contribution box does not give trading stamps.

The Builders

A BRILLIANT woman from one of the Southern cities, which is also the capital of the State, was describing to a dinner-party the new life of her community. She mentioned governors, millionaires, lawyers, successful business men, and to almost every one was tagged a statement emphasizing the fact that he did not belong to the old aristocracy. Not one of the governors in recent years knew the use of the different forks at a course dinner, and not one of the leading men had arrived in town "with more than one pair of shoes to his name."

It was, in its way, a striking illustration of the new growth which has accomplished three times as much in the South within the past thirty years as was done in the century that went before. Southern people do not hesitate to admit that from the stupendous civil struggle the main benefit was not the emancipation of the slaves, although that was a blessing, but the emancipation of the whites from the conditions of a social system that was draining the useful energies of the aristocracy and cheating the general people of their opportunities. In the thirty odd years since the war the changes have been almost thrilling. From the log cabins and the little farms and the small towns have come the conquerors, so that if one goes through the South to-day seeking its state houses, its banks, its factories, its professions, its estates, he will find that the leaders are men who have come from the people. This is no disparagement of the old aristocracy, whose nobility and courage in facing the new duties after the war must be admired, but the fact is that the opening of life and progress to the people of the South wrought a miracle of advancement in material things that history cannot excel

Differing in degree, but illustrating the same general truth, is the experience of Russia. When the serfs were emancipated, the Czar—then Alexander III—believed that the safety of his empire depended upon the conservation of the aristocracy, whose standards had been set by years of extravagance and whose members were unable to adapt themselves to the new economic conditions. The government did try to take care of these privileged individuals. It invented schemes of financial help—and it got so near bankruptcy that it had to stop. Its investments in aristocrats did not yield enough revenue, either in progressive citizenship, business enterprise or taxes, to advance the country along with the other nations of the time. The present Czar has seen new light, and hence the new movement in Russia which has materialized—a new State fund for the benefit of the fifty million peasants, with the special purpose of aiding them in agriculture, which is the chief support of Russia's financial system. In other words, Russia is doing its utmost to help the common people, to make their lot easier, to increase their activities and to multiply their opportunities. Thus the new Russia will be built, not upon the aristocracy, but upon the people. That, indeed, is its only hope—it is the only hope of any nation. That is why the American people to-day stand at the head of all history, why they own the leadership of the world.

It is very useful to keep these truths in mind in such times as these, when we have pessimists who judge of the whole country from the exploitation of the capers of the Four Hundred and the extravagances of a few millionaires.

The Silent Majority

OF THE fifty-eight members of the government that now rules the British democracy more than thirty are either peers or the sons of peers. All but three are members of the aristocracy, and these three come from the class of "aspiring" and snobbish bourgeois of which our "Newport set" is perhaps a fair counterpart. As Mr. Labouchere points out in his Truth, the forty millions of work-a-day Britishers who make up the brains and brawn of the Empire are absolutely unrepresented. If a so-called liberal government were to come in—to judge the future by the unbroken precedents of the past—the proportion of peers would be slightly diminished, the proportion of upper middle class snobs and "country gentlemen" would be largely increased, and "the people" would be still inarticulate

What kind of a people is this British people anyway that is always being held up to us as a model democracy? And what kind of a "democracy" is this England which, we are often assured by "scholarly" Americans, has "a larger measure of practical freedom" than have we?

The People of the Abyss

NOT sociologists only, but every one who desires to have anything like an adequate conception of the problem confronting, to a greater or less degree, all the civilized nations, ought to read Jack London's terror-inspiring book on The People of the Abyss. The abyss is East London, and one needs a strong stomach as well as a stout heart to penetrate with the author into the remote recesses of that vast aggregation of slums. It is no mere sight-seeing tour, undertaken from idle curiosity. It is not a bird's-eye view from the safe shelter of the social settlement. Mr. London wanted to know exactly how these people of the abyss live and die and the conditions that have made them what they are; and to do this he chose the very simple yet very difficult method of going and living among them for a time as one of them. The account of his experiences and observations is a plain narrative, having the impress of truth in every word, and it burns itself into one's memory by the fire of its sincerity. Frankly, it is a record of a descent into Hell.

Mr. London has plenty of statistics for those who want them—statistics taken from Parliamentary Blue Books and other unimpeachable documents. He tells us that in lesser London over 1,250,000 people receive twenty-one shillings or less a week for each family, and the family is reckoned at five persons. He tells us that one out of every four persons who die in London, and 939 out of every 1000 in the United Kingdom, die "on public charity." He says that 300,000 people in London live in one-room tenements—an average of five to a room. He tells us that 30,000 homeless persons walk the streets of London every night. He says that in the United Kingdom 37,500,000 people out of 40,000,000 receive less than $60 a month for each family; that 1,000,000 are in daily receipt of poor-law relief; that 8,000,000 have only a week's wages between them and starvation; that 500 hereditary peers own one-fifth of England, and that they and their dependents spend every year $1,850,000,000, or thirty-two per cent. of the total wealth of the country, in the maintenance of their vast estates and the gratification of their personal luxury.

The primary cause for this condition of things, Mr. London thinks, is the struggle for commercial supremacy, and the immediate cause gross and stupendous mismanagement on the part of the governing class. From Mr. London's point of view, "the political machine known as the British Empire is running down;" but he sees a smiling future for England when the discredited machinery shall finally be cast upon the scrap heap

Fewer Words

IN SPITE of the multiplying of means of communication and the almost universal use of them, there has never been a time when mankind was less patient with superfluity of words. The old-fashioned oratory, with its elaboration of rhetoric and long-drawn periods, would not be tolerated by a twentieth century audience. The formal essay, with its introduction, main argument and conclusion, finds no acceptance at the hands of the modern magazine editor. Fiction has been the last to feel the effects of the tendency to literary compression, but an increasing disposition not to waste words is clearly evident in the productions of successful novelists and writers of short stories.

The novelist has been a long time in coming to it, but he, like other writers, has learned that there are some things that may safely be taken for granted. Instead of regaling his readers with extended descriptions of sunsets and architecture and furniture and millinery, he gets down to the essential thing, the thing that his readers do not know and may be supposed to wish to know. The change is creditable to the intelligence of writer and reader.

No one need fear that the tendency to compression is going to do away with the cultivation of literature as an art. There is dynamic force in the word compression. It means stored-up energy. The search for the right word, and not lavishness in the use of words, is what chiefly concerns the successful writer nowadays. Doctor Holmes in The Autocrat compared conversation to playing a stream of water from a hose, and writing a letter to shooting at a mark with a rifle. In the first case, you keep the stream going until you are tired. In the second case, if you do not hit the target you simply waste your ammunition and demonstrate your lack of skill.

A great many novels have been written on the theme of the Prodigal Son, but none of them has come up to the original narrative, either in ethical forcefulness or beauty of style; and the parable will be read with fresh enjoyment by successive generations long after the later-day romances shall have been forgotten.

Clean Money

A YOUNG woman disappeared from home recently, and her father, asking the newspapers to aid in the search, said: "All the money in her purse was in new bills. If she has gone far from New York her money will excite curiosity. I have noticed that, as near home as Pittsburg, if I showed clean bills people would say, 'You must be from New York.'"

True, there is more clean paper money in New York than anywhere else in the country. But even in New York clean money is rare. And, as this man shrewdly pointed out, in the rest of the country to have money clean enough to be fit to carry in the clean purse of a clean person is to be a marked man. Those who are always talking of how much better Government can do things than private enterprise can have only to draw their money from their pockets to get proof to the contrary. If we were not so used to the filthy rags the Government's parsimony and insensibility to cleanliness force us to take and to carry, we should either never handle money without having rubber gloves on or we should make a protest that would be effective. And it would be so easy and so comparatively inexpensive to make our paper money as presentable as that of the other nations of civilization.

Is It So Bad?

IN THE work on organized labor just issued by John Mitchell, the union labor leader, he bases practically his entire argument on this proposition:

"The average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner. He has given up the hope of a kingdom to come, when he himself will be a capitalist, and he asks that the reward of his work be given him as a workman."

Dismiss the subtle fallacy of dividing all Americans into two classes—laborers and capitalists. Take only the bold central proposition, that the average American—for the average American is a wage-earner—has abandoned ambition, has no hope of achieving independence. Is it true?

If it is true, then indeed is the Republic in a bad way. For only by the continual rising of a multitude of young men to independence through intelligence, industry and thrift is there any hope of the perpetuation of the democracy. If it is not true, then can labor leaders safely base their policy on it and can laboring men accept and act upon a policy so based?

We fear—and we hope—that Mr. Mitchell has got his notions of the "laboring man" from the Europe whence he came, instead of from the America where he has himself risen to independence.

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'DAM WHITE

A Parable of the Open Door

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans

SUYDAM WHITE was his name. His intimate friends called him 'Dam White. And he was. He was one of those men who, going their way quietly and without any seeming effort to please, draw all men unto them. His clerks would do more for him at a word than some employers are able to compass by threats and rewards. He had no enemies and yet he was by no means a colorless man. He had convictions and was not afraid of voicing them, and he had a temper that could be heated in short order, but there were those who had known him for years and who had never seen his temper hot.

He was in the real-estate business, and his office was just at the head of that broad flight of stairs that is such a feature of the entrance to the Hudson Building.

August Montmorency made his living by selling table wines, and it was said that in fifteen minutes by the clock he could make a total abstainer buy a case of Bordeaux, so great were his powers of persuasion. Be that as it may, he certainly dressed as if his house considered him a valuable man, and his manner was such that if he had been attired in a bathing suit the casual observer would have said, "That man must be a Beau Brummel between baths." And the casual observer would have been quite right.

Suydam White was quiet, reserved, a gentleman by instinct: Montmorency was loud, pompous, swaggering—one who would insist upon the appellation of gentleman if he had to fight for it.

I was present when Suydam White and August Montmorency first met each other, because Mr. White was lunching with me at the Ollapodrida Club uptown, and Mr. Montmorency sat down at our little table with the air of honoring our feast and without a word of apology. I had seen the wine agent before, and I did not like him, but I did not feel like asking him to remove his two hundred pounds to another table, so I introduced him to Mr. White, and after that our duologue resolved itself into a loud-voiced monologue—for Montmorency talked shop—wine shop—incessantly.

There is no denying the fact that Montmorency was handsome, and I have no doubt but that the average woman would vote him charming before he began to talk. Let us hope that the average woman would not like his brassy voice.

Wine was the burden of his song, and who loved not his employer's brand of wine was a fool his whole life long. I wondered how he had ever managed to become a member of the Ollapodrida Club, and I was sorry that I had not chosen a different day for inviting Mr. White to lunch there with me.

It is a fact that can be easily proved that before luncheon was over Mr. White had ordered a case of Bordeaux sent out to his Mamaroneck home. He told me afterward that he was generally able to say no to book agents, and that he could even resist the blandishments of dictionary sellers, but he felt compelled to buy this man's wine although it would take him several years to use it up, as he had found that milk agreed with him better than any other beverage.

"I wish I had had him put out of the room," said I, annoyed that my friend had been buncoed.

"No, it's all right. I'll donate the whole case to our local hospital, so it's all for the best. The man's personality pleased me; it was so full of character——"

"Bad character."

"Yes, but interesting, nevertheless."

I told him that I thought Montmorency was an infernal nuisance, and that I hoped he would neglect to pay his dues so that he might be dropped from the club.

We had been sitting in the library enjoying a smoke, and as we passed the pool room on our way out we encountered Montmorency, who was about to begin a game of pool. He waved his hand airily to us and said in that bull-of-Bashan voice of his, "Glad to have met you, Mr White. Come up any time you feel like it and lunch on me. Whenever you feel hungry about meal-time just telephone to 518 Spring and Montie will meet you at the club, and blow you off to something really worth while. Our friend Acton is a stuff, between you and me and the post."

He winked prodigiously and smiled with every wrinkle in his face as he said this last to show that it was mere banter, but I presume that every man in the room felt like kicking him. I know I did.

"Well, I hope we'll never see *him* again," said I as we came down the steps of the club.

"Why, I don't know," said White with his amiable smile. "He's good fun. He's such an out-and-outer that he amounts to a human document, and I hope I'll run across him again."

Mr. White had his wish. He told me about it himself, and his telling will form act second of this simple little comedy.

It was about two weeks later that I met him downtown by appointment and went to luncheon with him, and while he was waiting for a busy waiter to take his order I asked him if he had seen anything more of Montmorency.

He looked at me in a curious sort of way and said:

"Yes, Acton, I have seen him again and I know more about human nature than I did before. By the way, he came into my office the very next day. I did not see him then and he had no idea that it was *my* office. It was just in the course of his business, but I recognized that blatant voice from where I was sitting in my private office, and I was intensely amused when he sold my bookkeeper a case of Bordeaux, because my bookkeeper loves to hold on to his money. But Montmorency would charm Captain Kidd's treasure right out of the deep where it lies. Of course the whole office had the laugh on the bookkeeper, and the personality of the handsome August was impressed upon all of them.

"About a week ago I went to Indianapolis on business, and while I was there a most distressing thing happened to me. My pocket was picked while I was on my way to the railroad station, and I was left with twenty-five cents—no more than enough for a tip.

"I had a return ticket and my sleeping accommodations, but nothing else except the quarter, and there was not time to hunt any one up as the train would leave in about ten minutes. I had pictured myself eating a very comfortable dinner on the train and I was hungry enough to eat three of them in succession, as I had been so busy all day that I had not stopped for luncheon. I might have waited over a train, sold my ticket to a scalper and telegraphed to New York for money, but I had to hurry on to meet a man, so I had no alternative but a ride of nearly twenty-eight hours with nothing to eat except as much as a quarter of a dollar would buy, and a quarter is less than thirty cents.

"I paced up and down that platform revolving schemes by which I could get a dollar. I didn't like to brace a total stranger, but I finally picked out a benevolent looking man, evidently a Southerner, who was standing near the gate, and made up my mind to explain my predicament, give him my card and borrow five dollars.

"I approached him and then my courage failed me, and I walked the length of the platform again and when I came back he was not in sight. It now lacked but five minutes of train time and so I rushed out and spent my money on half a dozen bananas. I wouldn't be entirely without food.

"As I turned to go back I heard a loud voice that sounded like the heavenly choir, for it was the voice of an acquaintance. It was Montmorency in a vest like Joseph's coat and with a top coat of the style of season after next, and his face seemed to be shining with friendliness. I was so glad to see him that I rushed at him and shook hands almost as effusively as he would do it by nature. As for him, he nearly squeezed the flesh off my fingers when he shook hands, and he told me that it was good for sore eyes to see me and what was I doing so far from mother, and it was a pity there wasn't time to blow me off to the finest dinner to be had in Indianapolis, but he was going to New York right now and where was I going?

"When I could stem the tide I talked at a Lou Dillon gait myself and with a tone of

New Year's Business Changes

IN THESE closing weeks of 1903 progressive employers everywhere are taking careful account of their most valuable asset—their men. Some men will be promoted to places of greater trust and responsibility, while many others who have been found wanting will be forced to step down and out. As a result of these changes hundreds of large business houses are looking for competent men to fill important posts.

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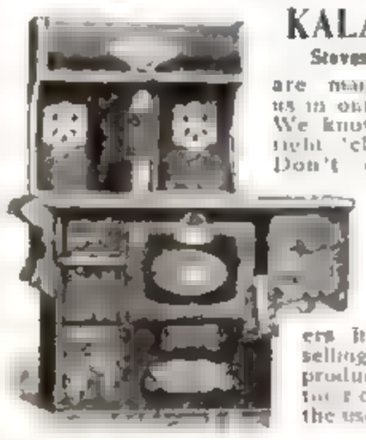

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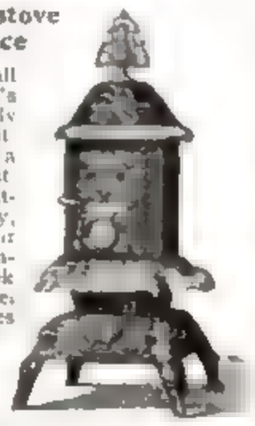

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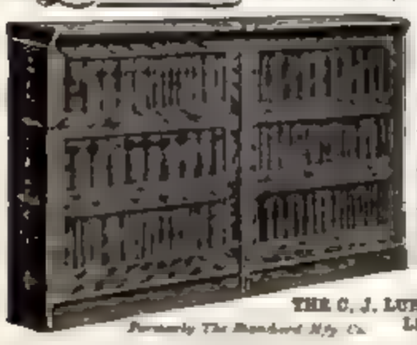

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gladness in my voice that it did me good to hear, for I was saved. I shouldn't have to make six bananas do me for dinner, breakfast, luncheon and dinner, and I should have a picturesque companion for the journey home. Acton, I blessed the little case of wine that I had bought, for it had created for me a friend in need."

"H-mm," said I, remembering my impressions of Montmorency.

"Well, I told him that he had saved my life; that I, too, was going to New York and that my pocket had been picked and I was penniless, and would he please lend me five dollars?"

"Yes," said I, interrupting White for a moment, "and he put his large hand down into his large pocket and he pulled out a large roll of bills and said in a large way, 'Leave me enough to get home with.' Didn't he?"

"Yes, he didn't," said Mr. White. "He didn't with a big D. He seemed to grow small right before my eyes and he said, 'Really, Mr. White, I'm awfully sorry, but I've made it a rule never to lend money.'

'Well, Acton, you can imagine how mean I felt. I felt as if I were a badly dressed beggar on Union Square in a rainstorm, putting up a lie about a dying wife and money for medicine. Oh, I could have crawled into the keyhole of my watch, I felt so small. He walked along silently toward the train and I fell back a step or two but kept moving, for the train was about to start. At last I pulled myself together and instead of punching him as I felt like doing, I said, 'Will you lend me two dollars until we get to New York. I'm quite certain I'm good for it.'

"Haven't the slightest doubt in the world,' said he in a hard voice several degrees quieter than usual, 'but it's against my principles.'

"Well, by this time I felt as if I was a tramp who was getting ready to steal a ride to New York. I dropped back and stepped aboard the train at once, and only hoped that we were in different cars."

"Were you?"

"We were, but Acton, if you'll believe it, that despicably mean fellow had the impudence to seek me out and try to sit down by me before we'd got as far as Cumberland."

"What did you do?"

"I? Oh, I was so hot under the collar that I said to him, 'Mr. Montmorency, there isn't room enough in this car for you and me, small as you are, and either you'll change cars or I will.'"

"And what did he do?"

"He laughed kind of uncomfortably and said he didn't mean to be unfriendly, but principles were principles, and then he went forward and I went into the reading-room so mad I couldn't see straight, and I wrote out a telegram that went something like this: 'If Montmorency, wine agent, comes into office I'll give one hundred dollars to the man who throws him downstairs. Suydam White.' That relieved me somewhat."

"How did you send it?"

"Oh, I handed it in when we stopped at Greenfield and had it sent 'collect.' I was afraid if I waited until I got home my anger would cool off. Oh, but I was mad. I ate three of my bananas, thinking of the meanness of that man, and that left me only three for the next three meals. But while I was stretching my legs at Pittsburg next morning at about half-past seven I saw the benevolent looking old man I had noticed at Indianapolis, and I went up to him boldly and handed him my card and told my story, and he drawled, 'Why certainly, my son,' and the Southern accent never sounded sweeter than it did just then. He was a Missourian and a credit to his State, for he offered me fifty if I wanted it, but I took five and ate all the breakfast I could, and we traveled the rest of the way together and I never enjoyed a trip more. He'd fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War and had known Grant and Buckner and Lee and a lot of generals on both sides, and told me things about them that I never read in any biographies. A nice old man. His soul would make a million of the size of Montmorency's."

"Well, what about Montmorency and your liberal offer to your clerks?"

"Well, do you know I've forgotten to say anything about it to them. I've been very busy since I got back. I'll have to tell them it was a joke, although I boil whenever I think of that man's meanness."

I was much disappointed at the ending of his story because I had always hated Montmorency, and I hoped to hear that he had received his deserts, and I told White so.

"But it's only in books that such men get caught up with," said I as we threaded our way through Broad Street to his building.

I had a little business to transact with him and we went into his inner office, and while we were talking the outer door opened and we heard the unmistakable voice of Montmorency.

I have said that White is a man who inspires loyalty, and we were to be treated to an exhibition of it. As soon as he heard the sound of the man's voice he opened the door to caution his clerks against taking that telegram literally. But he was too late.

Mr. Montmorency had not finished his opening sentence when the bookkeeper slid from his high stool, came through the gate and stood in the place accorded to customers. Then he said, as he advanced quietly toward the wondering wine agent, "Get out of this office!" The office boy pulled off his coat and hastened to the centre of the stage, and the cashier, a stocky man, vaulted over the counter and approached the beefy Montmorency with fire in his eye.

"One at a time, boys," said the bookkeeper, while Montmorency, plainly at a loss to understand what was happening, retreated a step and looked perplexed. White, suddenly overcome with a desire to laugh, stepped back into his room and pressed his buzzer, but no one noticed the call.

"Will you get out?" said the bookkeeper.

"Not till you put me out. What have I done?"

"Beggars and pedlers aren't admitted into this building, and that wine you sold me puts you in the pedler class."

So it seemed that the bookkeeper had a private grievance also.

"Here boys, stop," said Mr. White, but he spoke too late. There was a rough and tumble scramble between Montmorency and the small but lithe bookkeeper, and while the office boy was trying to land a shot on him he placed it on the ear of the cashier, who knocked him over backward in a jiffy. But the bookkeeper, though half the size of the mountain of beef, was very strong and the wine agent was unceremoniously hastened to the door, and his passage downstairs was accelerated in quite the comic paper fashion. Nothing but good luck saved him from a broken leg.

He pulled himself together at the foot and was about to come up again when Mr. White stepped to the door. When Montmorency saw White he must have understood the Whyness of the How, for he whipped out of the doorway like a small boy caught stealing apples from a blind vender.

Suydam White came back trying to keep down the laugh that was struggling for egress. He pulled out a roll of bills, and handed a hundred dollars to the bookkeeper. Then he said:

"George, if you ever have another fight in this office I'll discharge you." He stepped into the inner office for a moment and then coming out he said:

"George, if he ever comes in again, order a case of wine and have it sent to The Janeway Home at Mamaroneck."

But Montmorency has cut the Hudson Building from his list.

A Thorough Job

MARK TWAIN has his share of the spirit of the collector. One day last summer he ran across a fine old veneered mahogany writing-desk in a New York second-hand store. He had heard that veneering is becoming a lost art, and snapped up the desk and shipped it to Riverdale in triumph.

Unfortunately the former Philistine owner had covered it with a thick coat of shiny varnish. The new owner saw that this must be scraped off. As he likes to "putter" he decided to do it himself and then rub in a coat of a certain remarkable oil finish, the recipe for which he had got in Budapest. But it was a warm day, and the scraping of all the curves and corners of the desk seemed like a better job for the man-of-all-work, the application of the marvelous polish being reserved for his own artistic hand. So he called in the man and told him to take the desk out to the barn and do a thorough job.

Some days elapsed, and to Twain's several inquiries the man gave the same reply—that the work was not yet completed. At last Mark said:

"See here, Terrence; you ought to have that desk done by this time."

"It's coming on, sor, coming on," replied the man. "I was after finishing getting the bark paled off this morning, and I'll have it rubbed up by afternoon."

Mr. Twain went out to the barn. Sure enough, the "bark" was off; and veneering a lost art!

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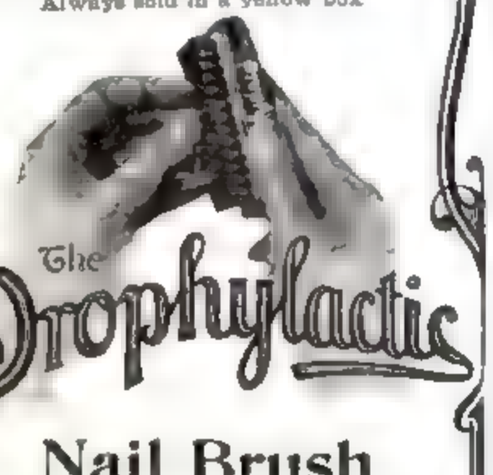

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

ROUND THE WORLD — How the perfection of modern methods of transportation has lowered Jules Verne's record.

IT TAKES some money, not very much time but a great deal of good luck to break the record of the round-the world trip in these days. Since Jules Verne made fame and money from his altogether fanciful tale Round the World in Eighty Days, attempts have been numerous and successful to lower the time set by him in that volume. George Francis Train made the tour in sixty-seven days, some years ago. Charles Cecil Fitzmorris, of Chicago, took the record away from him in 1901, by girdling the globe in sixty days, thirteen hours, and held it until August last, when I was fortunate enough to lower his time by six days and three hours. The exact duration of my trip was fifty-four days, nine hours and forty-two minutes from Seattle to Seattle.

I look to see this record lowered in the not distant future. It is possible, under absolutely ideal conditions, to go around the planet in even less than fifty days, using existing methods of transportation, but only by the rarest chance could one encounter the perfect connections at every point necessary to enable him to finish the trip in the time named. The loss of an hour at a critical point might have the effect of ruining the whole schedule. I caught the steamer from England to America with less than two hours to spare. Had I missed that boat I should have lost four days' time.

I began my trip at Seattle, going to the westward: first to Yokohama, Japan; thence by rail to Kobe, Moji and Nagasaki, Japan; then by the Russian steamer Mongolia to Dalny, Manchuria, and on to Liverpool, England, by an all-rail journey of 7600 miles. In Manchuria, which country I traversed in July on the Chinese Eastern Railway, I saw many evidences of the thorough preparation which Russia is making for the war that even then looked imminent in the Orient. Each day, as our train proceeded to the westward, we passed long freight trains full of Russian soldiers and light batteries headed for Dalny. Russian garrisons were almost as thick as mileposts along the entire line, and at each station they turned out to salute the train, which is a government affair. The railroad, too, was being put into perfect shape for heavy and continuous traffic. The track was being reballasted in many places, and at every river and small stream the spans for newer and stronger bridges were being put into position.

At Manchuria Station we left the Chinese Eastern Railway for the Trans-Siberian Railway, and passing through Irkoutsk, Samara and Omsk, arrived at Moscow thirteen days out from Dalny. From Moscow I went through Warsaw, Berlin, Flushing, Holland and London to Liverpool, there taking the Cunard liner Campania for America. Two hours after reaching New York I took the Pennsylvania Limited at the foot of West Twenty-third Street and reached Seattle in four days and a few hours, traveling west of Chicago by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St Paul and the Northern Pacific. The entire trip was accomplished without the use of specials of any sort. —*James Willis Sayre.*

SWEETEST OF ALL PLANTS — It ought to interest us, the greatest sugar-eating nation of the world.

WHAT may turn out to be the great sugar-producing plant of the future has been found recently in South America. Its discoverer is the Director of the Agricultural Institute at Asuncion, who, as a result of careful experiments, announces that it yields a sugar from twenty to thirty times as sweet as ordinary cane or beet sugar. Furthermore it is equally available for domestic and other uses — a point of importance when it is considered that something like one hundred different sugars are already known to chemists, and that nearly all of them are worthless commercially.

The new plant is a dwarfish shrub, only eight to twelve inches high, and its scientific name is *Eupatorium rebaudium*. One advantage of the sugar obtained from it is that it occupies, in proportion to its sweetening power, less than one-twentieth of the bulk of common cane sugar. Thus a small box of it will take the place of a barrel of ordinary sugar in the future housewife's pantry, and a

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In this connection, the fact is of interest that the world to-day uses twice as much sugar as it consumed a quarter of a century ago. We eat a great deal more of it, in one shape or another, than the people of any other nation, our annual consumption being sixty-nine pounds per capita, while that of France is twenty-nine pounds, that of Germany twenty-three pounds, that of Austria fifteen pounds, and that of Russia and Spain ten pounds. England used seventy-nine pounds for each individual of her population, but this is due to the circumstance that immense quantities of sugar are there made into jam for export

Strange it seems to consider that in Europe sugar was used only at feasts and for medicinal purposes up to the end of the seventeenth century, at which period the sale of it in France was a monopoly enjoyed by apothecaries. Its introduction as an article of diet was vehemently opposed, eminent authorities declaring it a poison. Boyle (who discovered the composition of atmospheric air) and other scientists of high reputation asserted that it caused congestion of the lungs, apoplexy, diseases of the stomach, and even consumption

By far the sweetest substance known at the present time is a coal tar product called "saccharin." It is two hundred times as sweet as cane sugar, and is commonly utilized as a substitute for the latter by persons who are anxious to reduce their flesh.

A CLEAN SWEEP IN BROOM-CORN—A profitable crop that can be made a steady money-getter.

OCCASIONALLY broom-corn commands the high price of $170 the ton. In some parts of the United States three acres will produce this amount of standard broom-corn, and when demand exceeds supply and prices go up many farmers are induced to put in a crop. The ensuing season's harvest being unusually large, and the quality of brush, grown frequently as an experiment, inferior, there follows a marked decline in market value. Then there is an abandonment of the industry, and again the prices soar

This condition has led the Department of Agriculture to make a careful study of the possibilities and the requirements of broom-corn cultivation. As a result, the scientific advice to farmers who live where soil and especially climate are adapted to this crop is to plant a field of broom-corn every year, regardless of speculative fluctuation of prices

"The ease," said Dr. Charles P. Hartley, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, "with which broom-corn can be grown to harvesting, and the fact that a fair crop is a third of a ton an acre, make the industry apparently lucrative, even at the ordinary price, which is about $80 a ton."

From two to three months of good weather is all that is needed to mature a crop. Any soil that will yield good grades of ordinary corn will produce the broom species, but the warmer climates of the United States are best adapted to this crop.

One bushel of good seed is sufficient to sow twenty acres. Everything depends on the quality of the seed sown, and therefore the Government experts admonish farmers to test it. To do this it is not necessary to send it to a seed-testing laboratory, for one can be constructed and operated at home. The process is the acme of simplicity. Two dinner plates and a heavy piece of flannel cloth complete the laboratory equipment.

One hundred seeds should be placed between the folds of the dampened cloth and set in one of the plates, with the other plate inverted over it, and the whole placed where the temperature, in the daytime, will be from 60° to 80° and at night not much below 50° The good seed will begin to sprout in three or four days.

The scientists add that if after ten days there are more than ten seeds out of the hundred that have not germinated, the lot from which the hundred were taken is unfit for planting.

The variation of the day and night temperature at which the seed in the test should be kept is an approximation of the natural difference between day and night.

There is at present a great fluctuation in the acreage sown to broom-corn. In 1889, in Texas, there were but 596 acres; ten years later there were 3743 acres. Nebraska, on the other hand, had 16,792 acres in 1889, and only 6627 acres ten years later. The Government, in calling attention to the revenue in raising the crop, states that to secure the greatest profits the business should be conducted on an extensive scale.

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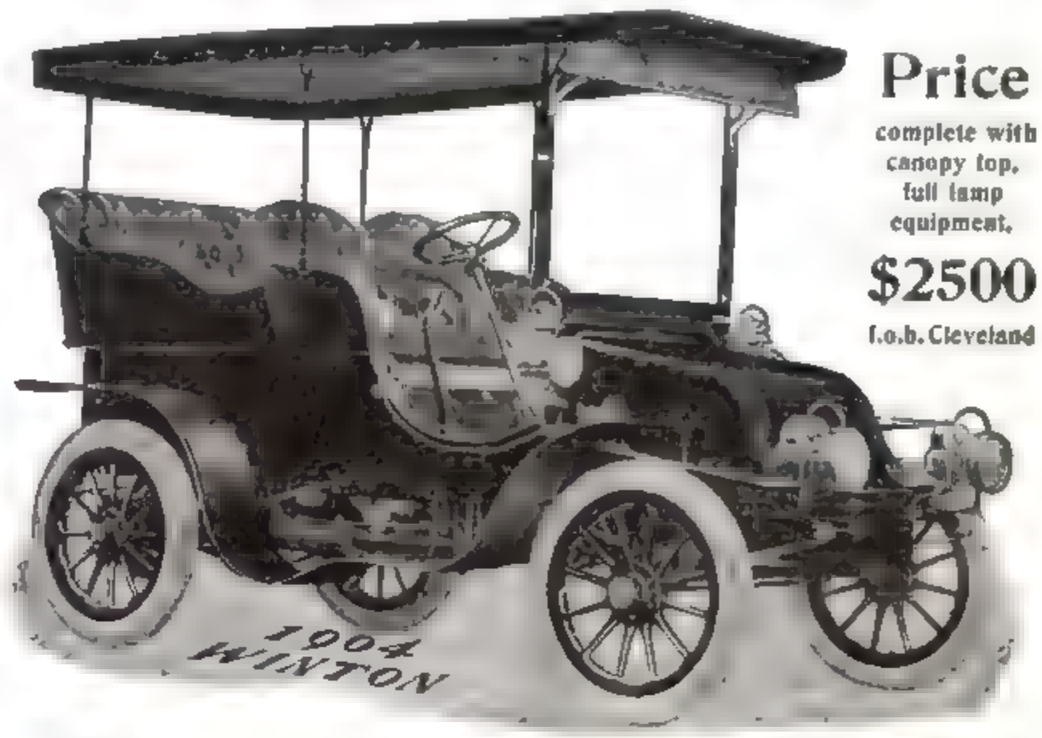

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The READING TABLE

Sir Thomas and the Tea Party

SHORTLY before Sir Thomas Lipton sailed for home he said to a caller who mentioned the regard in which he was held in this country:

"Yes, and it really means more to me than winning the cup would have meant. I suspect that I can say with all modesty, that it's really remarkable the way the American people have taken me into their hearts. They seem almost to consider me one of themselves. One man in a moment of abstraction asked me how I was going to vote at the New York municipal election. I had to draw the line on one thing in Boston, however. A lady who was soliciting funds to erect a monument commemorating a certain event which took place in the harbor in 1773 asked me to contribute. I thought it was going too far to expect me to help to keep alive the memories of men who destroyed three hundred and forty-two chests of good tea."

The Freaks of the Types

A FRIEND met Whitelaw Reid, the veteran editor of the New York Tribune, the other day and said to him:

"I see you are to be on the advisory board of Mr. Pulitzer's new College of Journalism at Columbia University. Do you expect in your school to put an end to the typographical error?"

"The most we can hope to do," replied Mr. Reid, "is to mitigate its horrors. You can't abolish the typographical error any more than you can original sin. I remember when the Prince of Wales visited this country of writing an editorial on the subject. I was young and ambitious, and I thought I said some rather clever things. It began, 'The Prince of Wales is making captivating speeches.' The next morning I picked up the paper to enjoy reading it in print. I turned to the editorial page, and this met my gaze: 'The Price of Nails is making carpenters swear.'"

Youthful Bird Studies

RICHARD MANSFIELD, the actor, has a young son who has the inquiring mind of youth in a marked degree. While in the country last summer he became very much interested in the birds, and raised a few hundred ornithological questions ranging from "Do birds fly to the moon?" and "Why not?" to "What is an early bird?" and "Where does he get the worm?" and "Why does he?"

Finally the psychological aspect occurred to him, and he one day astonished his father by this inquiry:

"Pop, do birdies know they are birdies?"

Mr. Mansfield could only lamely respond by raising speculations as to whether or not small boys know they are small boys.

"On the Contrary"

EUGENE FIELD was once visiting the house of his friends, the Stoddards, in New York, of which he sang—

Their home in Fifteenth Street is all so snug,
and furnished so,
That, when I once get planted there, I don't
know when to go.

During the evening a certain well-known physician dropped in. He is a serious man, and a bit pompous. The talk turned on diet.

"Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round."

"No," said the doctor emphatically, "no; on the contrary."

"'On the contrary!'" cried Stoddard. "What's the contrary of eating two eggs?"

"Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

"When We Meet"

WHEN General Longstreet met General Wheeler, after he had been made an officer in the Spanish-American War, he is said to have remarked, "Joe, I have got one wish."

"What is that?" asked General Wheeler.

"I want to get to hades a few minutes before you do so as to hear Jubal Early's remarks when he sees you with that Yankee uniform on."

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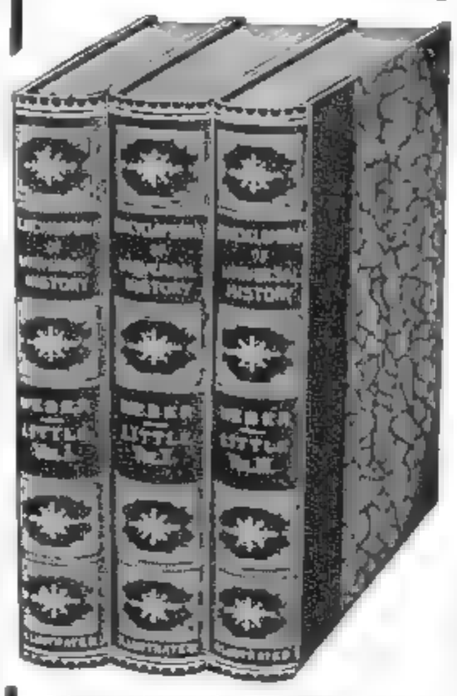

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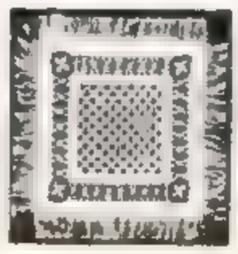

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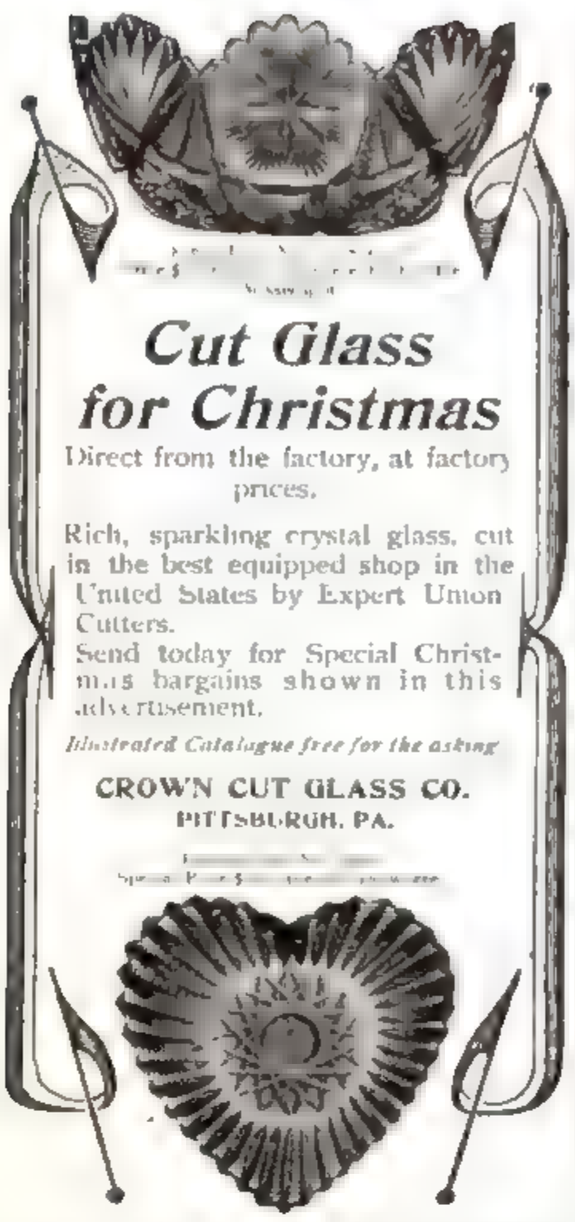

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

IN TRACKLESS BOSTON — It is worse than the labyrinth to James Whitcomb Riley, whose bump of location is a depression.

¶ James Whitcomb Riley in the mental lottery drew a blank for the bump of location. He gets "turned around" sometimes in Indianapolis and when he visits Boston the utmost to which he trusts himself is a quick trot from his hotel door across the sidewalk to a cab

On his latest visit to that town, one day, while in a remote and crooked part of it, his cabman snapped a wheel off of his vehicle and Mr. Riley alighted. There was no other cab in sight

"I'll tell you what you do, sir," said the man; "go up here to the second corner, walk through the first alley, keep to the left, bear across where you'll see five corners, turn at the third one and——"

"See here," broke in Riley, "just don't! When I'm at home in my own house I sometimes get lost on my way to bed and wander around till morning. You take hold of my arm, please, and lead me to the nearest telephone booth. I'll call up the Saint Botolph Club for a rescue party!"

A BOOK THAT IS A PUBLIC SERVICE — Michael Davitt's story of the Kishineff massacres.

¶ If ever a man was qualified by experience to write of adversity it is Michael Davitt. We print a condensed account of his life from an English work of biographical reference.

> Born, Ireland, 1846. Evicted, 1852; began work in a Lancashire cotton mill, 1856; lost right arm by machinery, 1857; joined Fenian Brotherhood, 1865, arrested and tried for treason-felony, 1870, and sentenced to (fifteen years) penal servitude; released on "ticket of-leave," 1877; arrested on charge of making seditious speech, 1879, but prosecution abandoned; went to United States, 1880, and was arrested after return, 1881, and sent back to penal servitude; released, 1882; arrested 1883, and tried for seditious speech and imprisoned for three months; 1883—1902 variously distinguished in public life and letters; 1903, commissioned by a New York newspaper to report the Kishineff massacres.

But to report the Kishineff massacres adequately was to tell the story of the Russian Jew. "This task"—quoting from the preface of Within the Pale *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)*—"could only be partially done in my dispatches. Moreover, all the dispatches were not published, for reasons which govern the exigencies of Journals that are concerned much more with a record of daily events in the United States than with history." Hence the book here under review. Mr. Davitt goes on to thank several of the "minor representatives of the Tsar's government for uniform courtesies and for valuable assistance in my investigations."

In explanation of what at first sight seems a perverse choice of title it should be understood that since 1804 the Jew in Russia has been confined to a "pale of settlement." Outside this pale he may not settle, and within it the aim of government is to make his life so miserable that he must quit the country altogether. But the very disabilities from which he suffers leave him so poor that he cannot emigrate. He remains, then, poor, but intelligent and bitter, "a centre and seed-bed of Socialism, a source of political and military weakness, by a *lex talionis* of poetic justice the most vulnerable part of the Russian Empire"—a fact "well noted and measured in the army bureaus of Berlin and Vienna."

What is to be done for him? He is hated because he is an alien, because he is intelligent, and, for the best of all reasons, because he has been abused. ". . . There are but three Russian remedies for this growing danger to Russia, and two of them are impossible. Extermination cannot be thought of. Emigration is out of the question, where poverty is almost the normal condition of two or three millions of people who have inherited

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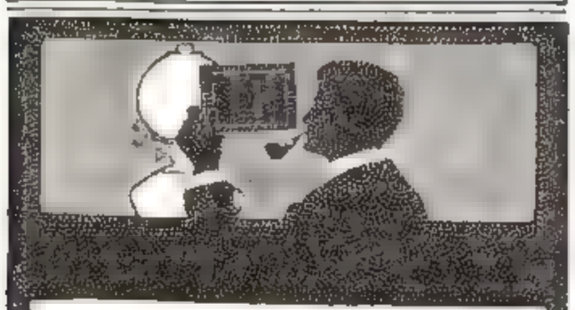

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the evils associated with social wretchedness, religious intolerance and race persecution. No other country would consent to receive them." The third remedy is that suggested by a Russian nobleman, Prince Demidoff San Donato, a member of the commission appointed by the Czar in 1882 to investigate the whole Jewish question: the concession of political and educational equality. But this concession will not be made, Mr. Davitt believes—and all appearances confirm his judgment—in the lifetime of the autocracy that rules the Czar and Great and Little Russia. Zionism is the solution.

The story of the massacres that called forth these foregoing generalities is concisely and impartially told in the middle third of the book—there appears to be no doubt of administrative connivance and support. The relief committee gives the number of families who suffered from the riots at about 2750, the number of persons murdered, 47; severely wounded, 92; slightly wounded, 345, with 35 widows and 123 orphans left behind—an appalling record.

The remaining chapters reflect the sentiment of enlightened Russia and the world at large, and are supplementary only to a book written with sympathy sanity and temperance, a book that is a public service.

CABIN VERSE AND "BIG HOUSE" STORY—The verse is by all odds the better of the two.

¶ We do not recall having seen before any collection of genuine plantation songs—not "coon" songs, not songs of the Suwanee River variety, written by white men, but the native, unlettered melodies sung in the field, at dances, in the quarters and at revivals. Such a collection makes In Old Alabama, by Anna Hobson *(Doubleday, Page and Company)*, a book worth keeping, quite apart from the stories to which they form an appendix, as it were—stories of no great weight or merit. But the level of negro dialect stories is surprisingly low. Apart from the immortal Uncle Remus stories, which stand by themselves, and a few purely incidental sketches by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and Mr. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Ruth McEnnery Stuart is almost alone in serious interpretative effort. A song full of character—gay in its melody, melancholy in its intonation, nowise bitter—is the nameless chant from which we quote one stanza:

Nigger wuk de melon patch,
His sweat fall on de vine,
De white man eat de melon up,
Nigger git de rhine.
Oh Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it hard?
Oh Lawdy! Lawdy! so hard!

TWO LITTLE SAVAGES—Like Rollo and Jonas, life to them was a continuous feast of instruction.

¶ Mr. Burroughs and his followers have dealt very harshly with Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. They accuse him of an incurable sentimentality; and it is difficult to set his work beside the robust, impersonal studies of Mr. Kipling and Mr. London without discovering the cause, if not the justification, of the criticism. In Two Little Savages *(Doubleday, Page and Company)* this mawkishness has less chance to come to the surface. The book is really a sort of American boy's handy book, filled with a great deal of detailed practical instruction in woodcraft of great interest to boys—how to build an Indian teepee, how to kindle fire without matches or flint, and the knowledge of simples and the habits of birds and beasts; but the narrative that is the vehicle for this instruction is flimsy and full of holes, purely a pretense, and the drawings, though presumably accurate in facts of design and construction, are painful.

FOUR BOOKS FOR CHILDREN—They bring to mind that it is time to be thinking of Christmas.

¶ Christmas must be coming—the children's books are out. We acknowledge four from The Century Company: Thistledown, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the story of a little acrobat who passes through a good many exciting ups and downs on his way to friends and fortune; The Book of Children's Parties, by Mary and Sara White, a collection of suggestions for mothers which pretty well explains itself in its title; Baby Days, a new selection of songs, stories and pictures for very little folks; and A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals, pictures and verses, which both in action and humor fully justifies its name.

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How the Browns Spent Saturday Evening

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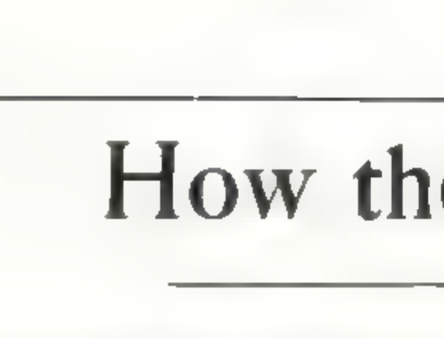
SATURDAY night had come, and they were just finishing supper, when twenty-one-year-old Emily said, with a groan, "I've had it hanging over me all the week, and I'm not a bit readier for it than I was last Monday. I suppose I ought to have started earlier, but I don't believe it would have made much difference."

"What under the sun is the child talking about?" asked Mrs. Brown in amazement. "Have you got to have a tooth pulled on Monday, dear?"

"How absurd, mother!" was the answer. "No, it's a good deal worse than a tooth. I've got to teach the Twenty-third Psalm to-morrow in Sunday-school, to a class of sixteen year old girls. *The Twenty-third Psalm!* Just imagine! They all know it by heart—the superintendent has drilled us on it till we could say it backwards."

"Emily! How *can* you be so irreverent?"

"Oh! I don't intend to, mother, dear; but you know what I mean. I honestly think I ought to give my class up. I don't know enough about the Bible, in the first place, and when it comes to a lesson like this, that is so old and worn out that there's absolutely nothing new I can say to them, what can I do?"



"Father Brown looked at his incensed and despairing son and daughter."

"She's right, Mater," spoke up Rob, "I don't blame you a bit, Sis. If you'll tell me how I'm going to teach that psalm to my class of rowdies, you can have anything I own."

Father Brown laid down the evening paper, and looked amusedly over his spectacles at his incensed and despairing son and daughter. "Have you looked at The Sunday School Times this week?" he threw out tentatively.

"YES, sir, I have," said Emily, "and there's no special help in it that I can use. What I need is some one to give me ideas on how to teach a lesson to *my* class. There's really no sense in your paying for two copies of the Times, father."

Mr Brown opened The Sunday School Times and turned its pages. He said nothing, and in a few minutes he closed the paper and joined the rest as they moved out from the dining-room into the library, where they settled down with books and embroidery for the evening.

"Emily," said Mr. Brown, an hour later, "what should you say is one of the greatest causes of anxiety in this world?"

"Having a Sunday-school class you can't teach."

"Oh, let up on that class, Sis!" interrupted Rob. "I believe fear is one of the worst things to make people anxious, sir," he said to his father.

"That's certainly true of Carrie Smith, in my Sunday-school class," broke in Emily. "She's afraid of *everything*. If a dog passes her across the street she almost faints. She is afraid of the rest of the girls in the class, and she is afraid in the dark. Really, if the child doesn't overcome it, I don't know what she'll grow into."

"'I will fear no evil, for thou art with me,'" said Mr. Brown, quietly.

"O dad! you're teaching us the Sunday-school lesson," cried Emily, springing up and coming across the room to seat herself on the arm of his chair. "Well, I wish you *would* teach it to us. There's one good point, anyway, for Carrie Smith, and I certainly never thought of her before in connection with the Twenty-third Psalm."

"YES, sir, I hope you will," said Rob. "I can use that point, too. I've got two youngsters in my class that need it. One of 'em is a little coward physically; the other is so overconscientious he is always borrowing trouble for to-morrow, and afraid he's going to yield to some awful sin. If he'd stop 'fearing evil' and trust the Lord a little, he'd accomplish a heap more."

"Well, do you think of any other cause of anxiety in the world?" said Father Brown, slipping his arm around the waist of the big daughter at his side.

"Want," said Emily promptly. "There is a positive bitterness in some of my girls toward the whole world because they are in more or less want a good deal of the time."

"'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,'" quoted Mr. Brown again.

"Why, it's there—isn't it?" said Emily indignantly. "And those very girls are members of the church, too. I don't believe they ever stopped to realize that it is positively *wrong* for them to be embittered and anxious because they don't have all they would like. I know they never thought of it in connection with the Twenty-third Psalm they repeat so glibly. Father, do go on. I really believe I can learn that lesson."

"I wonder if your girls realize that even if they had all they want they wouldn't be contented without the spirit of the beautiful old Shepherd Psalm," said Mr. Brown. "Turn to the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, and read from the fourth to the eleventh verse, Emily."

"What a crushing climax!" said Emily after a moment, when she had read the passage to herself.

"Let's see it," said Rob, reaching for the Bible.

"And it's just what Sadie Henderson needs, too," Emily went on. "If there ever was a pampered 'lap-of-luxury' girl, it's Sadie. But she's awfully discontented. She needs a dose of Ecclesiastes followed by the Twenty-third Psalm."

"If you want a contrast, Emily, look at Paul's experience as he tells about it in 2 Corinthians, from the twenty-third to the twenty-seventh verse of the eleventh chapter. In spite of those terrible persecutions, Paul had a secret that kept him absolutely content. He confided it to the Philippians, when he wrote them, and you'll find it in the eleventh verse of the last chapter of that letter. Years before, David had the same secret: 'The Lord is my shepherd.' Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Why, father, I never knew that psalm was so interesting before, and that it had so much to do with the rest of the Bible. But I believe you know the whole Bible by heart. I wish I could turn to all the interesting places the way you can."

MR. BROWN smiled across at Mrs. Brown. "There's an interesting story told of a remarkable ruler who lived in Northern Syria during the first half of the nineteenth century, Prince B'Sheer," he went on, "that throws a little light on the old familiar verse: 'Yea,

"How much would a dinner like that cost?"

though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' One of the officers of Prince B'Sheer once unexpectedly met a woman traveling alone in the 'Valley of the Horn,' a proverbial robbers' haunt. The astonished officer asked the woman, 'Where is thy escort?' 'My escort,' she replied, 'is in Beit ed-Deen [the residence of B'Sheer, a hundred miles away]. His rod protects me, even in Wady el-Karn.' And she was as safe as though she had had an armed troop accompanying her."

"I can use that in my class," said Rob interestedly. "Tell us some more, father."

"I wonder if the boys and girls in your classes realize how many good things in life God has all ready and waiting for them, if they will only trust him and accept them," said the father. "If they don't, try this illustration:

"'A man had engaged passage on a coasting steamer bound for Florida. He was in straitened circumstances, and had but a small sum left when his ticket was paid for. Part of this he invested in crackers and cheese, thinking the cabin fare much too expensive for his limited means. After a while his crackers tasted flat and stale, and his cheese became hard and mouldy. To aggravate matters, he was obliged, three times a day, to inhale the odors from the cook's galleys, and the delicious aromas drove him almost frantic. Finally, when within a day's sail from the port of destination, he grew desperate. Seeing the steward bearing a huge platter with a turkey and fixings, he waylaid him at the entrance of the dining-saloon, and said: 'See here! I haven't much money, but I have stood this thing as long as I can. How much will a dinner like that cost?' 'Cost!' exclaimed the steward, 'why, man, it don't cost you anything! it's all paid for in your passage.'"

"That's a mighty good illustration," said Rob, as his father finished, "you're a genius at finding or remembering that sort of thing, sir. I've got no knack at it at all."

"Don't let your boys forget one thing though, Rob," said his father. "The 'I shall not want' does not belong to the 'I will not work.'"

Rob had out his note-book by this time. "Does any one know when the Twenty-third Psalm was written?" Emily asked.

"No special date," her father said. "If we assume that David wrote it, we must assign it to a time in his life when his enemies were strong, and after he had become especially interested in the 'house of Jehovah.' In this case, perhaps 1023 Before Christ, or 972 Before Christ, by the Assyrian chronology as now commonly understood, would be the time of its writing."

"JUST see how many teaching points there are in the Psalm," went on Mr. Brown. "Take these half-dozen, for instance, and see how easily you can work them up, and apply them to your two classes. There's the life of faith, the life of peace, the life of God's guidance, the life of comfort in trial, the life of triumph (that's one for your boys, Rob), and the promise of a life with God forever."

"Why, father, that's the lesson in a nutshell," burst out Emily admiringly. "If only I could do it! You always make a lesson seem so easy. Now, if The Sunday School Times had anything in it like what you've given us to-night, I'd gladly pay five dollars a year for it, instead of the dollar that it costs."

Father Brown's eyes began to twinkle. He looked across the library table at Mother Brown, who was smiling, then he threw back his head and gave a hearty laugh.

"Father, you're making fun of us," said Emily. "What is the joke?"

"There's no joke, Emily dear," said Father Brown, seriously again; "but there's a secret. Where do you suppose I got all these facts and points and dates and references and illustrations I've been giving you?"

"Why, out of your head and memory, sir," said Rob.

"No; out of a little treasure-box I've got behind me." And Mr. Brown reached back of his chair and lifted up the copy of The Sunday School Times that he had tossed there.

"FATHER BROWN, I just don't believe you," said Emily, snatching the paper out of his hand.

"Do you remember I asked you at supper whether you had studied the Times on this lesson, Emily?

"Yes, sir"—a little sheepishly. "But I didn't know it had *that* sort of help in it."

"Had you read Doctor Dunning's hints for the 'Intermediate Teacher?'" asked her father.

"That's under the 'Graded Helps'—isn't it? No, our school isn't graded, you know, and, besides, my class wouldn't be in the Intermediate department if it were."

"But didn't you know that the 'Graded Helps' in the Times are just as valuable for classes in an ungraded school as in a graded school? And Doctor Dunning's article is one of the best all round teaching helps I know of," said her father. "Teachers of scholars running from ten to twenty years of age can find lots of practical help in it. Probably that's why the editors have changed the title of the article, as I see by this issue, to 'The Young Folks' Class.'"

"What made you think of asking us what causes anxiety, sir?" said Rob. "It's such a good way of opening up the lesson that I think I'll begin that way to-morrow."

"Afraid he's going to yield to some awful sin."

"Look at the first sentence of Doctor Dunning's article," answered his father.

"AND where did you get those tremendously apt references from Ecclesiastes and Paul's letters?" asked Emily.

"Look at Doctor Dunning," said Mr. Brown with a smile. "But I used only about one-fifth of his article. If you like the sample, why not try more of it yourselves next time?"

"Well, sir, how about that rattling good illustration of the fellow starving himself on shipboard?" Rob asked.

"Oh! that's from Doctor Banks's column of illustrations, of course. I've somehow got into the habit of turning to him first of all when I open the paper. I'm pretty sure to find one or two that just 'hit' me, and a good illustration is often a whole lesson in itself."

"Was the story of the Syrian prince from the same source?" put in Mother Brown.

"Where is thy escort?"

"No, dear; that was from Mrs. Howie's 'Oriental Lesson-Lights.' I always feel as if I'd had a little visit to the Holy Land when I read her. She lives on Mt. Lebanon, you know, and sends her articles fresh from Syria."

"WHAT made you think of that clever thing I'm going to tell my boys to paste in their hats, father?"

"What do you mean?" asked his father curiously.

"Why,"—and Rob pulled out his note-book—"'The *I shall not want* does not belong to the *I will not work*.'"

"Did you never notice those little italic sentences interjected between the longer lesson articles, Rob? 'Epigrams,' I call them."

"I never stopped to read them, sir. But if that's what they're like, I'll keep a sharp eye on them. I believe I could get a motto a week from them for my boys."

"And when you asked me when the Twenty-third Psalm was written, Emily, I quoted Professor Beecher. Professor Beecher on the Old Testament, and Professor Riddle on the New, tell you all you want to know about time and place and persons, and clear up puzzling passages in the text," Mr. Brown said.

"Why didn't I know it was all there before?" said Emily. "Why, father dear, I'm fairly impatient to get to my class. I'm positively enthusiastic. Do you think I could study next week's lesson myself from The Sunday School Times, and get anything like as much out of it?"

"INDEED you can, Emily, and a great deal more. I only touched on a very few points to-night. For downright practical applications of the lesson to your boys and girls, and to grown folks, too, I don't know of anything that compares with Doctor Goss's 'Lesson in Everyday Life.' Those six points that you said gave the lesson in a nutshell were Doctor Hurlbut's 'Lesson Outline.' If I were a superintendent, I should load up with the bright suggestions of Doctor Schauffler in his 'Hints for the Superintendent.' Mother was scheduled to teach the Primary Union this afternoon, and I suppose that's why I found Mrs. Bryner's 'Primary Teacher' article so well thumbed and marked."

"What writer do you like best of all, father?" asked Rob.

"I could no more decide between them than I could between you and Emily," came the smiling answer. "But, whoever else I study, I always come back to the grand old preacher, McLaren of Manchester, for the precious truths of the lesson put so beautifully, so clearly, and so strongly, that it's like listening to a sermon in Westminster Abbey. And now, children, you must excuse me, for I've got to put 'some finishing touches on my study of Dean Sanders' Senior Bible Class article for my adult class to-morrow. I've been at it all the week, but I'm not through yet. The class has doubled since I got them all to take the Times and study his outlines themselves, and as for interest—well, they simply all want to talk at once."

"All right, father dear, but where's that other copy of this wonderful old paper? Rob and I can use it together to-night; but—Say, dad, I think you'd better order four copies after this."

"Why not make it five, Sis, and get the seventy-five cent club rate, instead of the dollar? We can give our extra copy to the minister." And Rob was at his desk addressing an envelope to The Sunday School Times Co., Walnut and Clifton Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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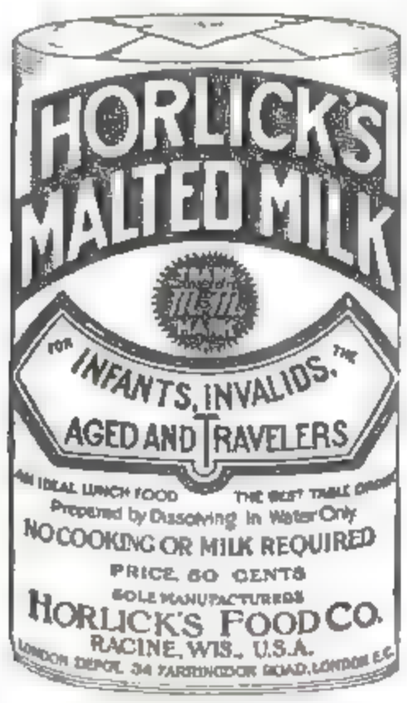

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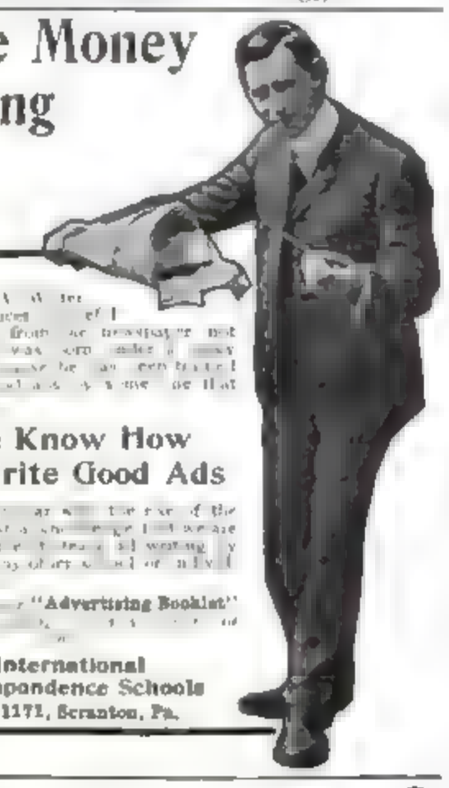

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The Hand of Russia in the East

(Concluded from Page 3)

shall have a free hand in Manchuria, or even that the status quo shall be maintained, Manchuria is lost to China if Russia wills it so

In the province of Shang Tung, with its twenty millions of inhabitants, German railways are extending from the port of Kiaochow toward the coal-laden mountains of the interior; and with these German railways go German authority and, for all practical purposes, German government, although, of course, not in name. Nothing can be more futile than to declaim against the partition of China and in favor of the integrity of this Asiatic Empire when the soldier of words is confronted with steel rails and uniformed guards and the flag of a great Power.

And with these two provinces being gradually separated from the Empire the process of disintegration begins.

Every careful observer of developments in China during the last few years is of this opinion When Lord Charles Beresford representing the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, made his extended tour through China, he startled the world on his return by announcing in his book that the break up of China was imminent He then intimated what since has become clear to the world. The plain facts are that Russia is physically advancing in the Orient; that Japan is struggling against the Russian advance without help from anybody that England seems to be without any policy in the Far East; that Germany is fortifying her territorial possessions in China and is safeguarding the interests of German merchants with skill and sagacity, backed by military and naval force instantly available

All of this is of considerable interest to us Americans even at the present time, and will be of very great interest to us in the future, for the bulk of Chinese trade ought to be ours on account of location. Meanwhile, it is necessary that the American people shall take care to be better informed about the progress of events in the Far East than we have been in the past. When the time comes to decide upon a policy, our knowledge of the situation will be our wisest counselor

Of course, the partition of China is not without its bright side. From the point of view of the progress of civilization, it is pretty hard to maintain that it is better to keep China as it is than to permit her various provinces to be developed by railways, along which shall go order, commerce and enlightenment. On the other hand, if the partition actually takes place, American goods can go only into the provinces controlled by the various Powers, under such restrictions as those Powers may see fit to put on them That would mean that we should have to make a separate agreement with the Power controlling any particular province. It may be that the Philippines will be the key by which we shall unlock these closing doors; it may be that our admission of German goods into the Philippines free of duty will reciprocally secure the free admission of American goods into the Shang Tung Province. The free admission of Russian goods into the Philippines reciprocally may secure the free admission of American goods into Manchuria and so on. Of course, this point has not yet been reached, but we appear to be approaching it; and if it comes, this solution is at least a possibility

The final possibility of preventing the partition of China and keeping the door of the Empire open and yet, at the same time, developing that land and increasing its trade with the world and with us, lies in an agreement of the Powers for the practical reorganization of China which shall have as its final result the freedom of commerce in the interior of that Empire as well as all the treaty ports, the building of roads, the establishment of a postal service, the effective policing of every province, the establishment of modern schools This, of course, would have to be done through the machinery of Chinese administration, but under the direction and compelling hand of the Powers. It is an immense undertaking, but it is already in the minds of many of the leading statesmen of the world who have been forced to give increasing attention to the subject Should such a policy ever develop America's course would be clear; for this Republic is one of the nations that will have to be consulted.

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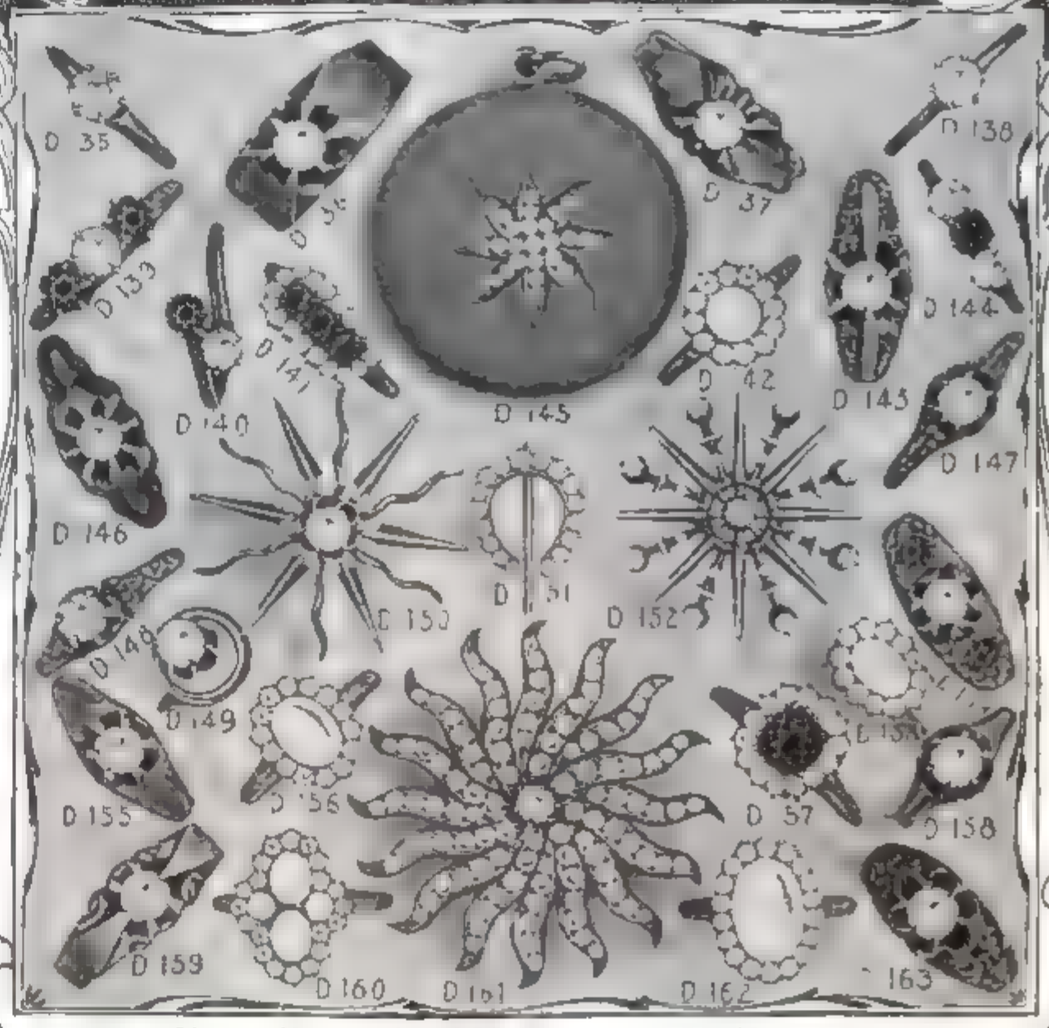

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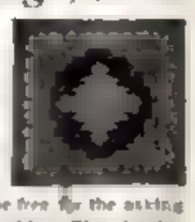

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FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

(Concluded from Page 9)

a "single," then had thought of a "one-and-a-half," then finally, but all in the same second, he had tried to go back to a "single" again. As a result he left the board "slack-kneed." He "went cast" in the air—that is, he lost all power to move himself. His face froze with horror. "Oh, why didn't you catch me?" he cried, almost before he lit. He died in the hospital next day. There are graves to be decorated at too many of the stops the circus makes. It is a subject to get away from.

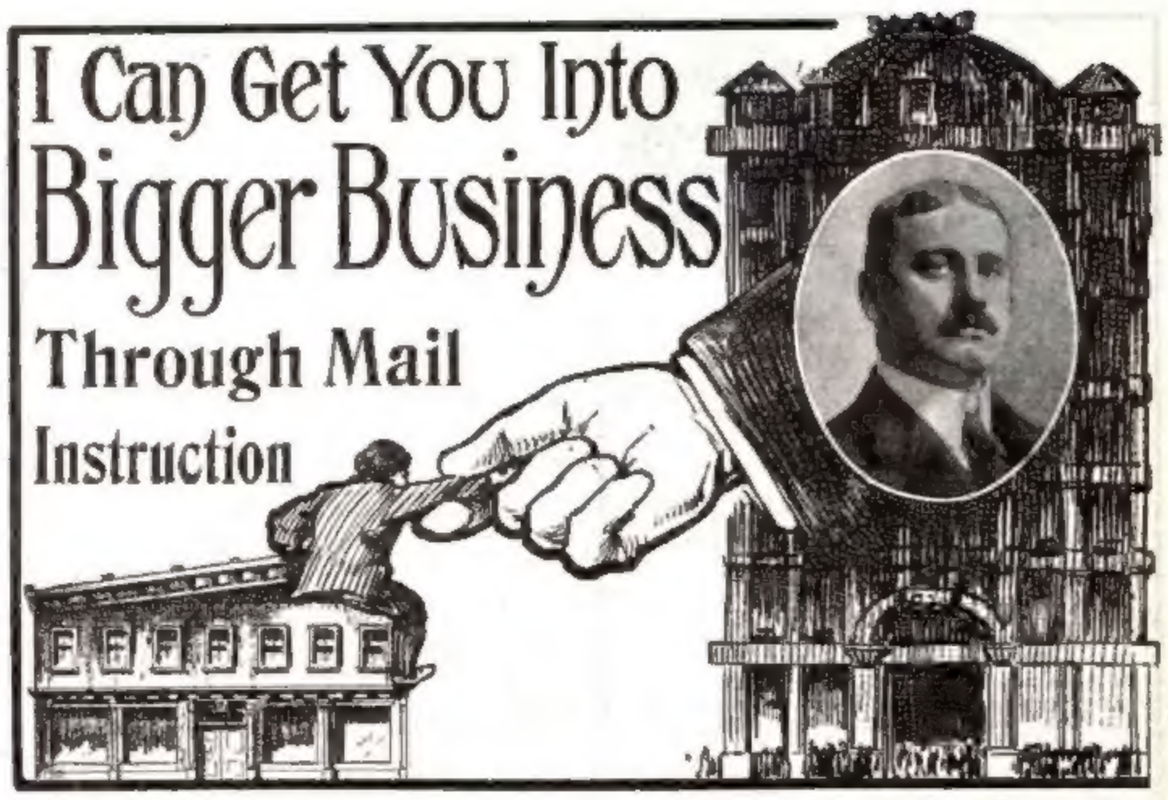
"We're just like a thousand gipsies, knocking along together," said Slivers, chief of the clowns, one night. He was hardly just to his calling; but in certain ways the characterization is very illuminating. For one thing, while they will all tell you that they loathe it, there is a love of the road in every one of them born to it which very few of them ever get away from. They don't care what county the landscape may be a part of, but they like to get out on the platform of their big red Pullmans in the early morning breezes, and let their feet dangle from the steps, and see that landscape wheeling and ribboning by. "When I get back to Lunnon," said a tall "harlequin" one raw, wet afternoon in the dressing-room, "I'm goin' to staht up a cigah stoh, and blymee if I eveh follow anotheh show w'ile I live!" There was an uproarious shout from every one within earshot. Above five thousand of those circus cigar stores have been established in every metropolis on earth, but you won't find them in the directories.

There is also a Bohemian prodigality about the kindred of the circus. At any rate, there is in the beginning of the season. During May and June they put solitaires upon their fingers, and fill their vest pockets with *perfectos*, and ride to the lot in ostentatious cabs. But after the Fourth of July all begin to put by for the "pork-chop fund," which means money to carry them over the winter. A large proportion of the "green stuff," and of the heavy cartridges of fifty-cent pieces which they draw from the ticket-wagon every Wednesday afternoon, are handed back into it, or are banked somewhere outside. Incidentally, one of the mutually and religiously maintained privileges among all well-conducted circus people is that of imaginatively swelling their salaries: only the inflation must not be more than one hundred per cent. This is a very handsome increase, ever, and affords to all of them alike that sense of wealth which is obtainable only from the indefinite. They can fairly say of themselves, in time, as we might say of Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan, that they really don't know what they *are* worth! As a matter of fact, they do get big pay—it will run from fifty to five hundred dollars a week—and this Tartarin characteristic of benevolent exaggeration is merely one of the customs of their country. What would happen if some day an infuriated "knocker" should rise up among them, my mind shudders to dwell upon.

But I refuse to believe that the circus tribe could contain a "knocker." For they are the biggest-hearted profession in the world. In them is the spirit of the campaigning regiment. There are innumerable woes and tribulations to go through, but if you stand close enough to rub shoulders with two good neighbors, you can take pretty near anything that's coming.

In their dressing-room we spent almost half our leisure, and during three weeks we do not remember hearing one story that could not be retold in these columns. But we did hear the older men giving the younger ones kindly and big-brotherly warnings to sit close in the bad big towns.

To the circus wives and mothers who do fancywork together in the shade of the wardrobe tent, the unconventional doings of the women of the shoddy Bohemias of art and letters would be shocking to the last degree. It may be that the kind of work demanded from these men and women necessitates their leading most careful and regular lives. More probably the explanation is that all these brother-and-sister acts tend to keep the whole family together, with all which that signifies. At any rate, certain it is that almost in the same ratio as the salary is high so is the moral standard of the man who draws it. And by these big men—the top-notchers—is set the standard for the little ones. However it be, the fact remains that the most notable thing to be written down about the life of the big circus is the bright and lovable wholesomeness of the life of its people.



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There are scores of clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen and general workers who are little better off than the individual who can "do most anything," and it is their own fault if they jog along as their fathers did before them—

Patient and plodding so long as they keep the wolf from the door.

Advertising is by no means the only vocation that offers large rewards, but it is probably the one that turns the quickest profit.

It is, too, the one business that seeks most diligently for skilled men and women.

During the past two or three years the Powell System of Advertising Instruction has been responsible for getting any number of bright people into bigger business.

CHAS. W. FARRAR
Adv. Mgr. Beadle & Sherbourne
Rochester, N. Y.

Some time ago—about a year—Mr. Chas. Farrar, was employed as a stenographer in Rochester, N. Y. Hard work and small pay was his lot until he became a proficient ad. writer through my instruction. Mr. Farrar is to-day advertising manager of the great Rochester dept. store of Beadle & Sherbourne, and is easily worth double his present salary. His work is bound to land him still higher on the ladder of success.

During 1904 it will get more into such places than during all previous years.

Not a week elapses that the most prominent business men do not write or call on me for skilled ad. writers.

I have published in these columns the achievements of many of my former students, and I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus, together with a host of additional proof, to all who want to earn more.

Business men who wish to increase their profits will also be interested. My endorsement by famous business houses is worth reading, and it will in a measure explain why my methods are so superior to all others.

If you want this Prospectus and remarkable proof free by mail, merely address me George H. Powell, 76 Temple Court, New York.

THE ALTON'S 1904 COW-BOY GIRL

TRADE-MARK

"Sequel to the Fencing Girl."

Copyright, 1903, by Chicago & Alton Railway.

ART CALENDAR

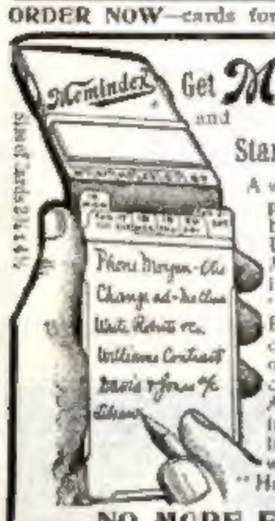
Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors by a process far superior to last year's calendar. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA. Take the "Alton" to the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904.

ORDER NOW—cards for rest of this year FREE



Get Memindex NOW and Start the New Year Right

A wonderful help to all busy people. Used by leading business men all over the U.S. More useful than any Memo. book or other card index. Handier, quicker. "It fills a long-felt want." Elegant vest-pocket case carries dated cards for 2 or 4 weeks ahead; extra cards for special Memos. A fresh card for every day in the year—in neat card-index cabinet on the desk with Memos. for the year. "Handiest thing I ever had."

NO MORE FORGETTING

An always-with-you Automatic Tickler. Reminds you to do things at right time. To-day's card always at front. No leaves to turn. No dead matter. The practical system for memoranda. Invaluable to all business men and all who would be prompt, systematic or successful. Cow-seal leather case, cabinet and cards for 1904, $2.00. Russia leather case, polished cabinet, $2.50. Real seal case, selected cabinet, $3.00. All complete, express paid; rest of this year free.

Helps you—To plan your work, to work your plan, to accomplish more in a day, find Memos. wanted, form the systematic habit. Ag'ts wanted.

Howard L. Wilson, Mfr.
67 Sinte St., Rochester, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY
WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

STORY-WRITING
JOURNALISM
ILLUSTRATING

taught by mail. On request, we will send any one of our free booklets, **"Writing for Profit," "Commercial Illustrating."** We sell **MSS.** and **illustrations on commission** to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by **Syndicate Sheets.** THORNTON WEST, editor-in-chief; founded, 1895.

NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

READY DECEMBER 25th
"Y and E" Pad Calendar for 1904

Delivery of "Y and E" Daily Memo. Pad Calendars for 1904 will begin Dec. 25th.

Sent free to any business man for four cents in stamps (postage only).

To anyone else for ten cents in stamps. Be sure to state name of your concern and business or profession.

Better write at once, so that we may surely mail your calendar on December 25th. State whether you already have iron stand.

Address Dept. P,
"Y and E" Mfg. Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

CARICATURE

Cut this out, mail it with your name and address. You will receive a beautiful illustrated book, and FREE lesson, with photos of prominent artists at work.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
Studios, 1st Floor, World Bldg., N. Y. Dan McCarthy, Director

THE COST

(Continued from Page 11)

how he might have the largest practice in the State if he would take the sort of clients most lawyers courted assiduously, how strong he was in politics in spite of the opposition of the professionals, strong because he had a genius for organization and also had the ear and the confidence of the people. Olivia, more of a politician than Fred even, knew the whole story; and Pauline listened appreciatively—few indeed are the homes in strenuously political Indiana where politics is not the chief subject of conversation, and Pauline had known about posters and campaigns as early as she had known about dolls and dresses.

"Here we are," said Pauline, the warmth fading from her face as from a spring landscape when the shadow of the dusk begins to creep over it.

They were driving into the grounds of "The Eyrie"—the elder Dumont was just completing it when he died early in the previous spring. When his widow went abroad to live with her daughter and sister in Paris, her son and his wife had taken it. It was a great rambling stone house that hung upon and in a lofty bluff. From its windows and porches and balconies could be seen the panorama of Saint Christopher. To the left lay the town, its ugly part—its factories and railway yards—hidden by the jut of a hill. Beneath and beyond to the right the shining river wound among fields brown where the harvests had been gathered, green and white where thousands of graceful tassels waved above acres on acres of Indian corn. And the broad leaves sent up through the murmur of the river a rhythmic rustling like a sigh of content. Once in a while a passing steamboat made the sonorous cry of its whistle and the melodious beat of its paddles echo from hill to hill. Between the house and the hilltop highway lay several hundred acres of lawns and gardens and woods.

The rooms of "The Eyrie" and its well-screened porches were in a cool twilight, though the September sun was hot.

"They're all out, or asleep," said Pauline as she and Olivia entered the wide reception hall. "Let's have tea on the east porch. Its view isn't so good, but we'll be cooler. You'd like to go to your room first?"

Olivia said she was comfortable as she was and needed the tea. So they went on through the splendidly-furnished drawing-room and were going through the library when Olivia paused before a portrait—"Your husband, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Pauline, standing behind her cousin. "We each had one done in Paris."

"What a masterful face," said Olivia. "I've never seen a better forehead." And she thought, "He's of the same type as Scarborough, except—what is it I dislike in his expression?"

"Do you notice a resemblance to any one you know?" asked Pauline.

"Y-e-e-s," replied Olivia, coloring. "I think——"

"Scarborough, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Olivia.

After a pause Pauline said ambiguously: "The resemblance is stronger there than in life."

Olivia glanced at her and was made vaguely uneasy by her look. But though Pauline must have seen that she was observed, she did not change expression. They went out upon the east porch and Olivia stood at the railing. But she hardly noted the view in the press of thoughts roused by the hints Dumont's portrait and Pauline's curiously critical look at it had given of what was behind the richly embroidered curtain of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Leader of a Minority

COLONEL BRADLEY B. SMALLEY is the leader of the Democracy of Vermont. When Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, was alive, Colonel Smalley thought it would be a fine thing to have the Governor come to Burlington and make a speech.

He telegraphed to Russell: "Will you come to Burlington and address the Democracy of Vermont?"

Governor Russell telegraphed back: "I am too busy to come to Vermont at this time, but if you will come to my house I shall take great pleasure in addressing you."

This Dining Room Table we can recommend as being very artistic and serviceable. It is constructed of well-seasoned oak; top 42 in. square, with leaves to extend the length to 6 ft.; moulded rims and rounded corners; firmly supported by five fancy turned legs 3½ in. in diameter; nicely finished in golden oak; socket casters.

One of over 200 articles that you can get *free* simply by buying your ordinary supply of Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Washing Powder, Scouring Powder, Starch, Tooth Powder, Perfumes, Teas, Coffee and Baking Powder from us instead of from the grocer. This is

The WALKER PLAN

When you buy goods of us you buy direct from the manufacturers and importers—consequently the dealer's profits and expenses are saved—we turn this saving over to you in the form of a valuable premium. The Extension Table shown above, worth $10, is one of the premiums which we give free with $10 worth of our goods.

Our Book L which we send free shows over 200 other Walker Premiums, describes our goods with price list and tells all about The Walker Plan, how to organize a Walker Club, Certificates for securing new customers, etc., etc. Send for it to-day.

Est. 1837.

W. & H. WALKER, Pittsburg, Pa.

You can get premiums for yourself by selling our goods to your friends and neighbors.

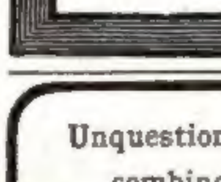
Unquestionably the Greatest combination offer of its kind ever made.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY
THE GIRLS' COMPANION
THE BOYS' WORLD

While each of these papers aims at the same vitally important end, namely, helping the boys and girls of to-day to become the strong, upright men and women of to-morrow, each covers the ground in a different way.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY is of intense interest to the whole family. Its stories, special departments and other features appeal to and help every member of the household. THE GIRLS' COMPANION (Weekly) is devoted exclusively to matters of deepest interest to girls, while THE BOYS' WORLD (Weekly) helps the boys to become clean, straightforward men by showing them how to mix their Christianity with their every-day life. The combined circulation of these three publications now exceeds three-quarters of a million and is rapidly growing. To convince you of their merit, we will send all three for three months (thirteen weeks) for twenty-five cents.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS



THE SUCCESSFUL

Name of the best Incubator and Brooder made. It's not a chance. They're right in principle, work right. Require least attention and give best results under all conditions. All users say it. Eastern orders promptly filled from Buffalo house. Incubator Catalog free, with Poultry Catalog 10c.

Succeed with a Successful

Des Moines Incubator Co,
Dept. 548 Des Moines, Ia.

LEARN SUCCESS SHORTHAND

Taught by mail under the direction of the most successful firm of shorthand reporters in the world. They teach you by mail the same system they use. Write to-day for our book "Success Shorthand System."

WALTON, JAMES & FORD
Suite 30 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

U.S. PATENTS, Trade Marks and Copyrights. No charge for Report as to Patentability and Commercial Value. Write for Inventor's Hand Book.
Shepherd & Parker, 3 Rev. Bldg., Wash., D. C.

CALIFORNIA FOR 25¢
All about the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers. Resources and Romance, Illus. Mag., 1 year trial, 25 cents.
THE WESTERN EMPIRE, 83 Times Block, LOS ANGELES

WHAT IS YOUR SALARY?

"The Mahin Method" Why not increase it as hundreds of successful graduates have done? We teach *ADVERTISING* by mail. Show you how to develop **your own business** or fit you for good positions. The demand for **competent** advertising men exceeds the supply. Don't waste your time—**pay a little more and get the best.** Send today for FREE text blank and 3d Annual Announcement.

Always "New Worlds to Conquer"

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
1073 Williams Building
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

Order a pair of beautiful
INDIAN MOCCASINS
Made of genuine moosehide, embroidered with Indian tribe designs. Men's, sizes 6 to 11, $2.75; Ladies' and Boys', sizes 2 to 5, $2.25; Youths' and Misses', sizes 11 to 1, $2.00; Children's, sizes 5 to 10, $1.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. We also supply moccasin slippers, same as above. Send for free catalog to-day to
METZ & SCHLOERB
90 Main Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

Also Show Card Writing. Only field not overworked. Pleasant and profitable. We teach quickly and thoroughly by correspondence at your home. Easy terms. Write now for large, interesting catalogue.
THE DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."

MAKE MONEY with a MODEL PRESS

Men and boys everywhere are earning money printing cards, envelopes, letter-heads, etc., for business houses. Outfit $3 up. Full course of instructions in printing free. Send stamp for Catalog A. Model Press, 708 Chestnut St., Phila.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery
SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.
Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

TELEGRAPHY
quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for illustrated catalog.
VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

300 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 var. from Malta, Bulgaria, etc., 10c. 200 var. 25c. 300 var. 50c. 500 var. $1.25. 1000 var. $4.75. 40 var. U. S. 10c. 32-page list free. Agents wanted. Stamps on approval at 50 per cent. L. CROWELL STAMP CO., 514 Caxton Bld., Cleveland, Ohio.

How to Get a Boy's Sweater Free. We want boys in every town to sell **The Saturday Evening Post. If you want a sweater,** write. We will send next week's supply of 18 copies without charge, to be sold for 5 cents each, and everything necessary to start at once.
The Curtis Publishing Company, 426 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Stay at Home and Freeze

or go to California, where you can pass the winter under conditions that leave nothing to be desired—which will you do? Go to California? Good!

The way to go is via the

Golden State Limited

which leaves Chicago daily, December 20 to April 14, arriving Los Angeles less than three days later. Equipment is the finest obtainable—standard and compartment sleepers, diner, observation car and buffet-smoking-library car. One sleeper runs through to Pasadena; another to Santa Barbara; a third to San Francisco. Entire train lighted by electricity and carries first class passengers only.

Southern Route—no high altitudes:

Rock Island System

Chicago and Kansas City to Santa Rosa

El Paso-Northeastern System

Santa Rosa to El Paso

Southern Pacific

El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco

Both train and route are fully described in *"The Golden State,"* an 80-page book which will be ready for distribution early in December. Send for it. It is worth its weight in silver to anyone who is contemplating a trip to California. Mailed for six cents in stamps or can be had free at Rock Island ticket offices in principal cities in the United States and Canada.

Rock Island System — Southern Pacific Company — El Paso Route

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago, Illinois

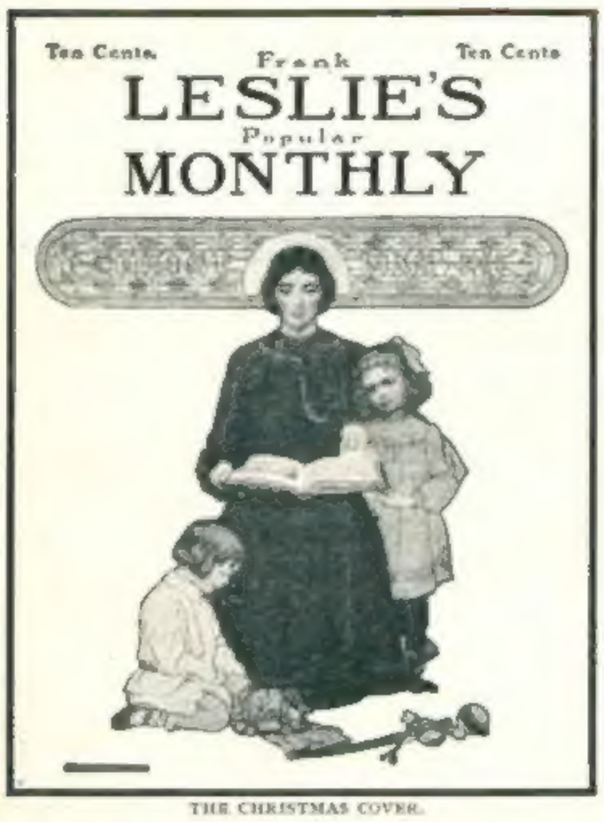
G.A.R.

A Great Offer by a Great Magazine

LESLIE'S MONTHLY

Enlarged Improved Beautified

10 cts. a Copy; $1.00 a Year



THE CHRISTMAS COVER.

We believe in **Leslie's Monthly.** *It is growing bigger in bulk, broader in policy, timelier in matter, more human in treatment.* **Leslie's Monthly** *for 1904 is the best magazine we have ever planned.*

A FREE GIFT to Subscribers:
Leslie's Heroine Calendar and the Superb Christmas number. Use the coupon below at once.

The Imported American

You will marvel at the enterprise of LESLIE'S MONTHLY. To study the human side of the great problem of American Immigration, LESLIE'S MONTHLY has sent its well-known correspondents, **Mr. and Mrs. Broughton Brandenburg,** to live in Sicily, with a poor Italian family, to accompany them in the steerage to this country, and learn from closest intimacy their hopes and fears, and afterwards the realization of their settlement in the promised land. This series of articles makes a wonderful story, and casts a white light on the process which manufactures American citizens out of such raw material. It is a work worth doing.

A Woman's Bread and Butter

You will be interested in the human quality of LESLIE'S MONTHLY. It is to LESLIE'S MONTHLY that **Maud Ballington Booth** contributes the wonderful story of her work in prison. LESLIE'S, too, will print serially the true and inspiring account of a girl's struggle for life in a great city. From the "learner's wage" of $1.50 a week she climbs painfully up to a position of comfort. It is a *real* story.

The Great American Lobby

You will grow enthusiastic at the patriotism of LESLIE'S MONTHLY. It is LESLIE'S which is investigating with scrupulous care our vicious system of government by the Lobby, and which prints exactly what it finds. It is LESLIE'S, too, which is publishing true, unvarnished accounts of the Bosses who govern us, and who never give us a chance to vote them down.

Good to Read

You will delight in the entertainment of LESLIE'S MONTHLY. The delightful **"Domesticities,"** by the author of Wee MacGreegor, **"A Few Real Boys,"** by the author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," **"A Honeymoon on a Houseboat,"** by the man who spent it. These are but three of a score of features solely to entertain.

All Sorts of GOOD Stories

You will enjoy LESLIE'S stories. We believe in LESLIE'S writers. How can we help it? See their names:

IRVING BACHELLER,	HENRY VAN DYKE,	"RALPH CONNOR,"
J. J. BELL,	JACK LONDON,	ROY ROLFE GILSON,
MARION HILL,	S. R. CROCKETT,	HENRY HARLAND,
H. STILLWELL EDWARDS,	FRANK BULLEN,	CAROLYN WELLS,
JOHN LUTHER LONG,	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,	HENRY A. SHUTE, etc.

Leslie's HEROINE CALENDAR

These are the Artists: — The Heroines are from these novels:

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY { *"Alice of Old Vincennes,"* by M. Thompson. / *"The Maid at Arms,"* by R. W. Chambers.
A. B. WENZELL, *"Hearts Courageous,"* by Hallie E. Rives.
WILL GREFFÉ, *"The Pit,"* by Frank Norris.
HARRISON FISHER, *"Dennis Dent,"* by E. W. Hornung.

This Calendar, given FREE with every new yearly subscription, comprises pictures of three of these heroines—exquisite lithographs in 12 colors—on heavy pebbled art paper, 10 x 12 inches, tied with silk ribbon; sent postage prepaid by us. The Heroine Calendar, the Christmas Number and the twelve issues of LESLIE'S MONTHLY for 1904 all for $1.00.

Not given with combination subscription orders except as advertised.

FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE
New York

FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 141-147 5th Ave., N.Y. City:

Please enter my subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for the year 1904. Send me Leslie's Heroine Calendar and your special Christmas issue, as well as all the numbers for 1904, for which I enclose $1.

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S. E. P.

The Most Ornamental Calendar of 1904

Send for Illustrated Prospectus. Free.

This figure is the Calendar size.

Copyright Frank Leslie Publishing House 1903